VOLUME XXXIV NUMBER FOUR

# THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1918

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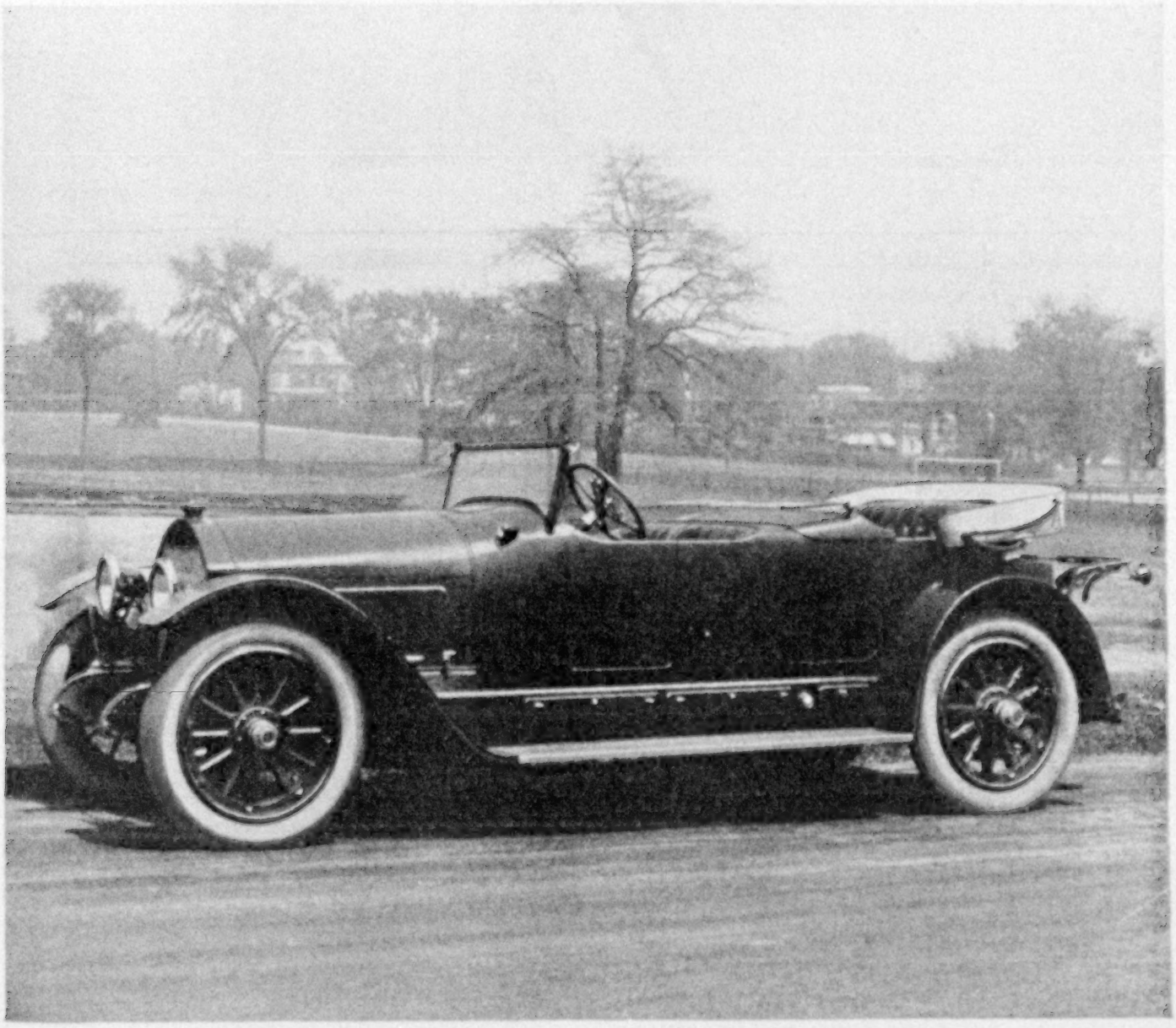

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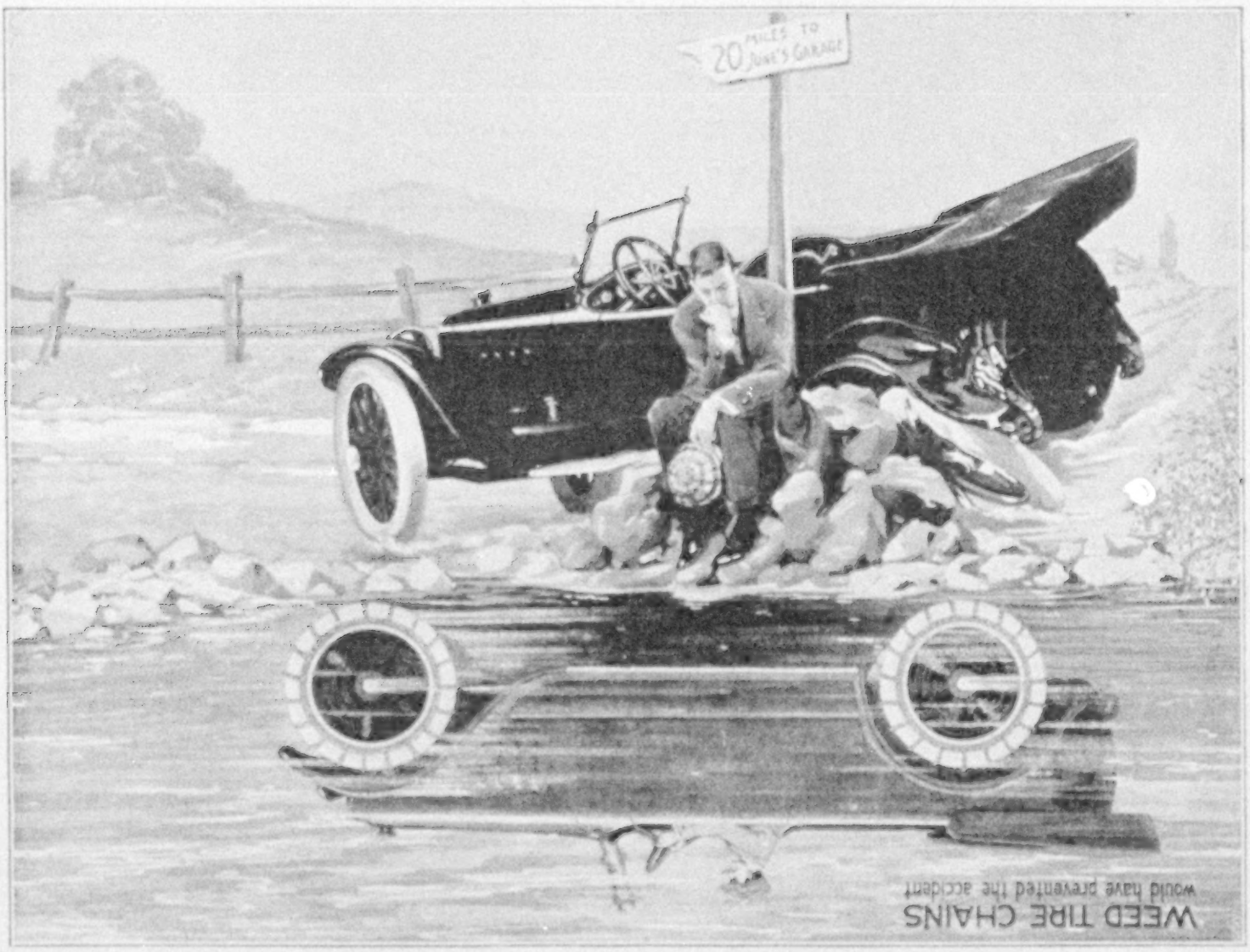


# Reflections After the Skidding Accident

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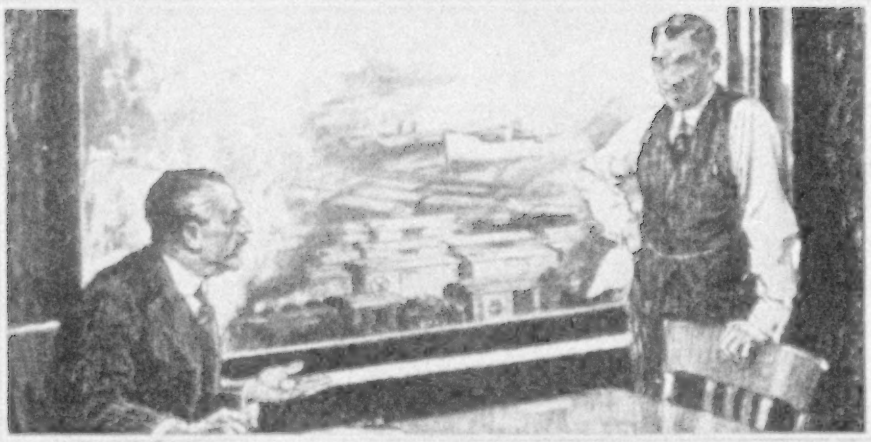

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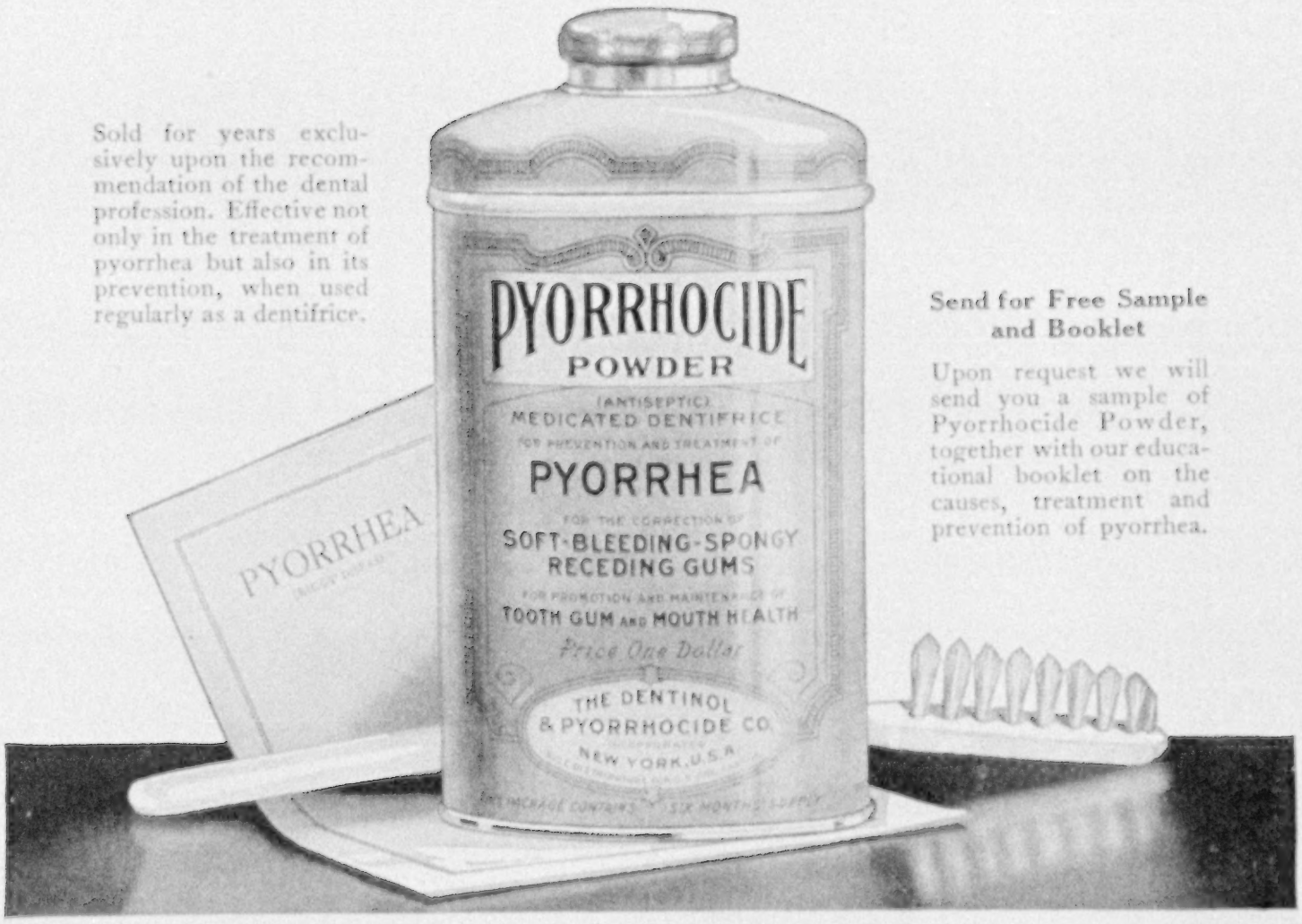


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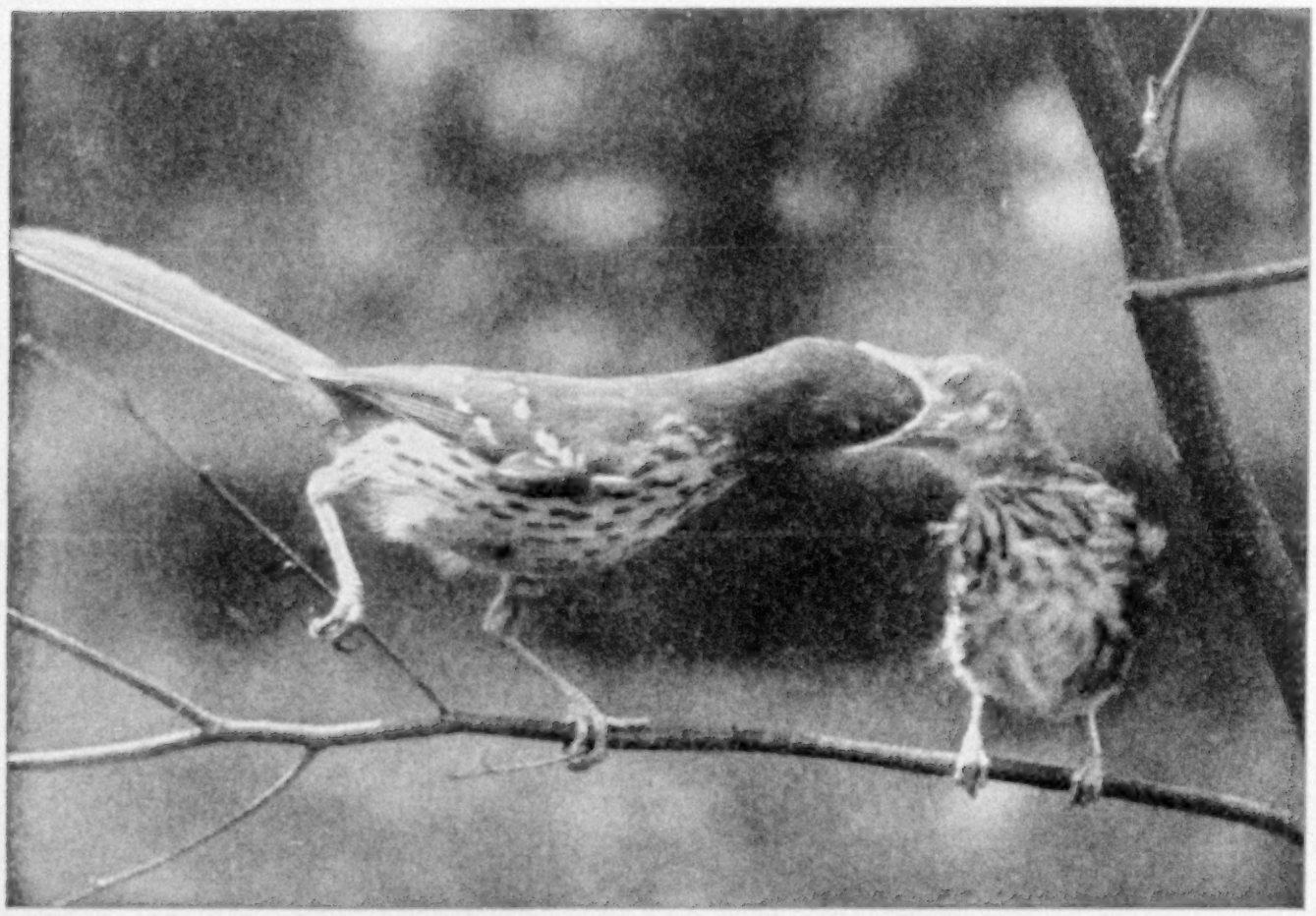

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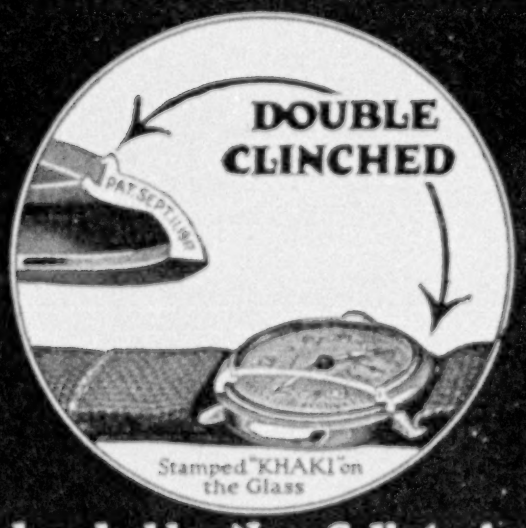


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THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

# RUSSIA'S ORPHAN RACES

## Picturesque Peoples Who Cluster on the Southeastern Borderland of the Vast Slav Dominions

BY MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

AMONG conflicting details, coming principally from the two great Russian cities where food is scarce and humans and troubles are plenty, one fact sticks out like a church in a Russian landscape: The great empire of "one hundred and eighty million" which we have learned to mention so glibly is no more.

The old régime collected peoples like curios—the more curious, the better—and labeled them in Russian; but it never developed in these diverse and conquered peoples a spirit of nationalism. Pan-Slavism it could not inculcate, for a large part of its border subjects were of Ural-Altaic or Turanian stock.

Russia under the Tsar was unified only by force—a triumph of centralized autocracy over the "it doesn't matter, so never mind" spirit of subjects who in the mass were too indifferent and too lacking in group consciousness to resent oppression. The mass must ever be emancipated by the intellectuals, and by putting calloused hands above calloused brains and indomitable wills, Bolshevism is proving more reactionary than Tsardom in intimidating the individual without creating a State.

Tsardom counted no cost too great and no sacrifice too heroic, if the dreaded steam-roller moved on or the glacier of Slavic domination crept slowly toward the Dardanelles, the Pamirs, or Manchuria. A two-mile bridge spanning the distant Amur or a daring military road through the heart of the Caucasus; a trans-Siberian railway or an imposing ecclesiastical building in Jerusalem—these were energetically supported by Tsardom and carried out with Russian funds, while Russians in the national capital were kept in unlettered ignorance and restricted to an economic condition little better than serfdom.

The many races which once formed the Russian Empire include the intrepid Georgians and the politically sluggish Sarts; the Cossacks, to whom battle is more than food; and the great mass of *mujiks*, supine in the midst of governmental chaos and wrongs perpetrated by a foreign signatory to a treaty of peace.

### RUSSIAN VENEER OVER A TURKISH CITY

In December last, I visited Bayazid, the first Turkish city to be taken by the Russian army on the Caucasian front. The population was unmistakably Turkish. The red fez was a common spot of color in a dusty old city that tries to hide from the radiant gaze of Mount Ararat amid tawny hills, and the inhabitants prayed from a kneeling position instead of standing with bowed head or crossing themselves (for map, see page 277).

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Photograph by M. O. Williams

AN ANCIENT PLOW AT DUSHET, ON THE GEORGIAN MILITARY ROAD, DRAWN BY TWELVE OXEN, WITH THREE DRIVERS AND A PLOWMAN TO DIRECT THE PLOW; NOTE THE AUTOMOBILE IN THE BACKGROUND

A few Russian women could be seen wearing Paris styles a little out of date or with their heads swathed in the shawl of the peasant matron, and from one of the buildings there fluttered the Red Cross of the "Union of Cities" hospital, but the city was as Turkish as it had ever been.

The signs on the street corners, strikingly new in their blue and white, were printed in Russian. Those Russian letters in such a city were as exotic as in the Russian Concession on the Yangtse at Hankow. The veneer of Tsardom had been laid on over the Turkish city without changing its character a particle. Yet a Russian could find his way to the Russian post-office by reading signs in the Russian language.

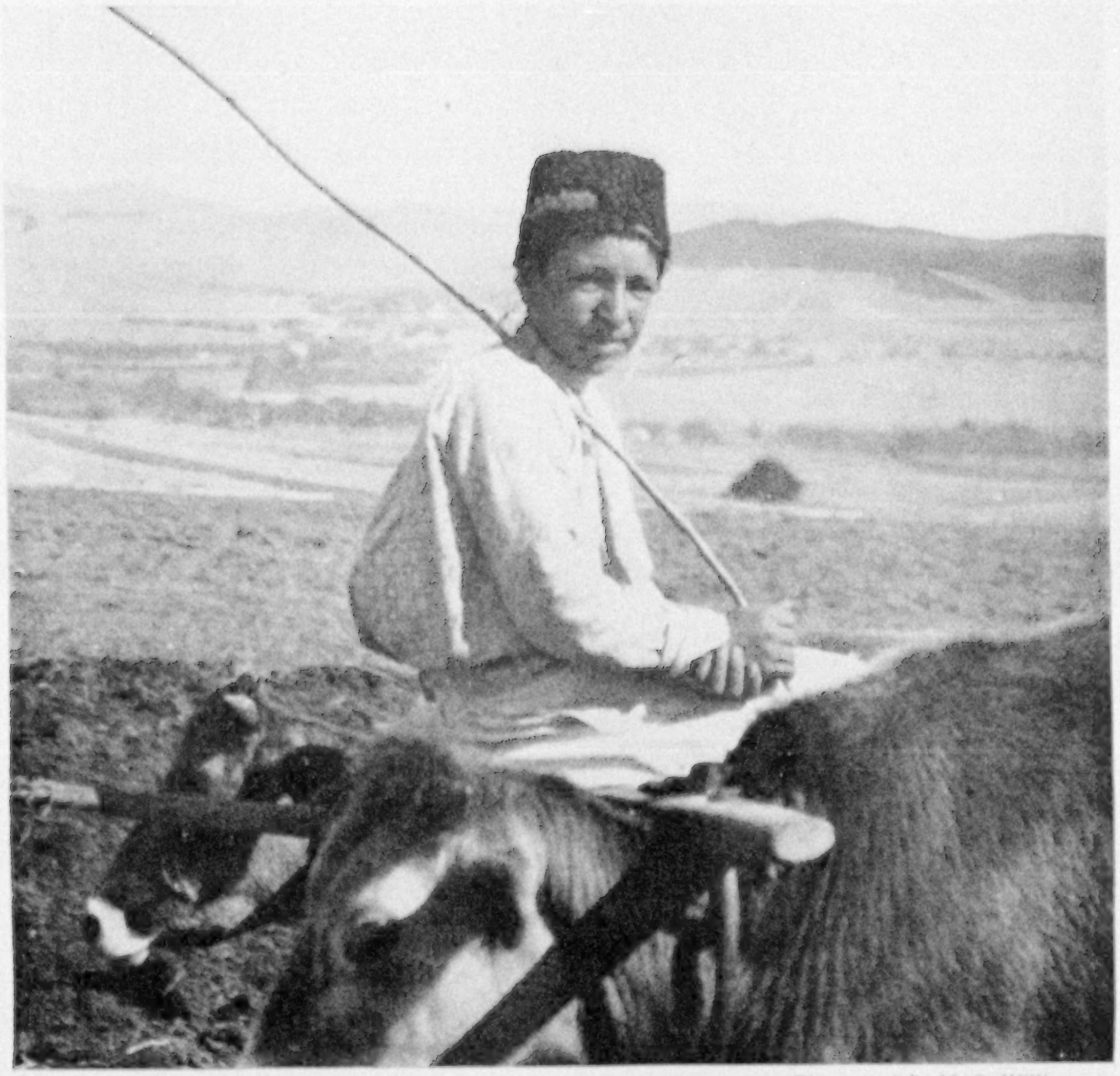
### RETREATING FROM THE TURKISH FRONT

That very day Russian *soldats*, freed from the yoke of autocracy by Tsar and bureaucracy and blindly assuming the attractive but heavier yoke of autocracy by the mob, were retreating in droves from the Turkish front, so eager to abandon all dreams of conquest or defense of territory in which they had no interest for one more visit with the home folks that many rode on the roof of the military train through the bitter cold of winter, 6,000 feet above the sea.

The veneer of Russian greatness, an outside show which had caused even Germany to fear, has peeled off. A boisterous wave of popular unrest and revolution, suddenly aware of Tsardom's weakness, but still lacking Tsardom's strength, has swept from the barren steppes south of the Caucasus to the dreary wastes of Lapland, and from the Crimea to Manchuria.

If once that great sluggish mass is roused to united action by the honeyed words of German propagandists, not only will the patchwork republic of Lenine and Trotzky be disrupted, but Anglo-Saxon ascendancy in Asia may give way to Teutonic hegemony—a Pan-Turanian* empire dominated by the militarism of Germany and led by the Timur and Attila of modern war.

* The Pan-Turanian movement aspired to an aggressive union of Asiatic peoples, especially the Ural-Altaic tribes. This menace to Indo-European civilization received the active secret support of German autocracy.



Photograph by M. O. Williams

A GEORGIAN BOY IS ONE OF THREE DRIVERS DIRECTING 12 OXEN DRAWING A PLOW

The same boy may be seen in the illustration on the preceding page. He rides on the yoke of one of his team.

But the present outlook promises a better sequel. The Armenians, who more than any other people have suffered from the Osmanli branch of the Turanian race, are still holding out in the Erivan plain and the hill city of Shusha.

The British, whose empire might suffer most from Pan-Turanian success, have trekked 700 hard miles from Bagdad and landed a party at Baku, the Pan-Turanian hub. Here lives Ahmed Aghaeff, Baku Tatar and chief exponent of Pan-Turanianism, principal in the Pan-Turanian conference in Constantinople four years ago, and editor of the widely spread *Turk Yurdu*, whose aim is to awaken among a score of widely separated peoples a sense of their common tie. What the landing and presence of even a small number of British at Baku means, only one who understands the racial complexity and opportunist psychology of Transcaucasia can realize (see also page 275).

BOHEMIANS IN THE VOLGA VALLEY

The brave Bohemians, the most-discussed people of this year, who centuries ago helped repulse the Tatar hordes from the gates of Vienna, now hold the heart of the Volga Valley, with the capital of

Photograph by M. O. Williams

ON THE GEORGIAN MILITARY ROAD: THE DESCENT FROM THE KRESTOVI PASS TOWARD KOBI, ON THE TEREK

This great highway, one of the most beautiful mountain roads in the world, is more than 130 miles in length, running from Tiflis through Krestovi Pass (7,800 feet above sealevel) to Vladikavkaz

the Kazan Tatars and Bulgari, the ruined city where fifteen centuries ago the Bulgarians had their seat.

Of all the varied peoples who inhabit that rabbit warren of humanity, the Caucasus, the Georgians are most interesting. With the Armenians, they form an important outpost against Turanian dangers. The great mountains that sheltered Shamyl and many another patriot have shut off the various tribes and races in secluded valleys, where they have retained their peculiar customs. Thus the mountains of Daghestan have kept that recluse among nations "an island in a sea of history."

But Georgia has been more or less fortunate, for the same pass that is now used by the wonderful Georgian Military Road, with its matchless views, has been the pathway for innumerable historic movements, and the valley which is now followed by the railway from Batum to Baku has been the caravan route of countless traders.

### WHERE GEORGIA WAS BORN

A few miles south of the snow ridge of the Caucasus, there is a wretched little village whose fame should be world-wide. Mtzkhet has claims to antiquity that make New England towns appear as embryos, for its citizens assert that it was founded by one of Noah's sons, who strolled over from Mount Ararat one day after the waters had subsided and chose this site because of its excellent drainage.

Beneath its terraced homes two rivers unite: the clear, cold Aragwa, hastening from its birthplace in the eternal snows of the Caucasus to the hot depression of the Caspian, and the Kura, sullied and dirty, swinging in from the west to make its way down the Tiflis depression and across the barren Transcaucasian steppe, between the mountains of Daghestan and the highlands of Armenia.

Damascus has a verdant freshness about it that is as deceptive as grease paint, but Mtzkhet stands out from green fields and pastures new like a weathered, sharp-bowed fishing smack in an emerald sea.

On a rock cliff opposite this quiet city with the cat-fight name the kings of Georgia erected their first castle, but it was in Mtzkhet itself that Georgia was born. The Georgians admit their descent from the Accadians and Sumerians, but there is nothing in their appearance or personality to indicate their descent from anything. They seem to have ascended from the plane of other men.

Militant of appearance, handsome of countenance, chivalrous, and unfamiliar with hard toil, these lovers of wine, women, and song are as princely in bearing as the unwashed Bedouin before his desert tent. Part of them are mountaineers—the most picturesque brigands that ever carried an arsenal at their belts. The rest are agricultural people, whose contact with the soil does not prevent them from holding their chests up like soldiers in uniform.

The Georgian women conquered the Turkish rulers by the palace route, but the Georgian men are handsomer than their wives, and in Georgia the male wears the fine plumage. But he treats his wife and daughters well and never allows them to act as servants.

There is so much strength in the Georgian face that the women lose their greatest charm by the time they mature. The classic nose is too noble to be pretty, the straight, large mouth shows determination rather than a Cupid's bow, and the fine eyes soon dominate a face that is manly in its beauty. In the Tiflis Red Cross cafés one may see scores of Georgian women with short, curled hair who could pose as Belvedere Apollos, but never a Venus.

St. Nina established a Christian church in Mtzkhet about 347 A. D., which was for many years a center for Christian culture. The Georgians assert that they were Christians before the Armenians, and vice versa; yet the princely but spendthrift Georgians and the oppressed but wealthy Armenians have been so much mixed throughout their history that there are today persons who call themselves Georgians and who speak Georgian, but who attend the Armenian church, while Armenians speaking Armenian are often found in Georgian churches.

The Georgians are good hosts and the Armenians are shrewd business men. That is why the Golovinski Prospekt in

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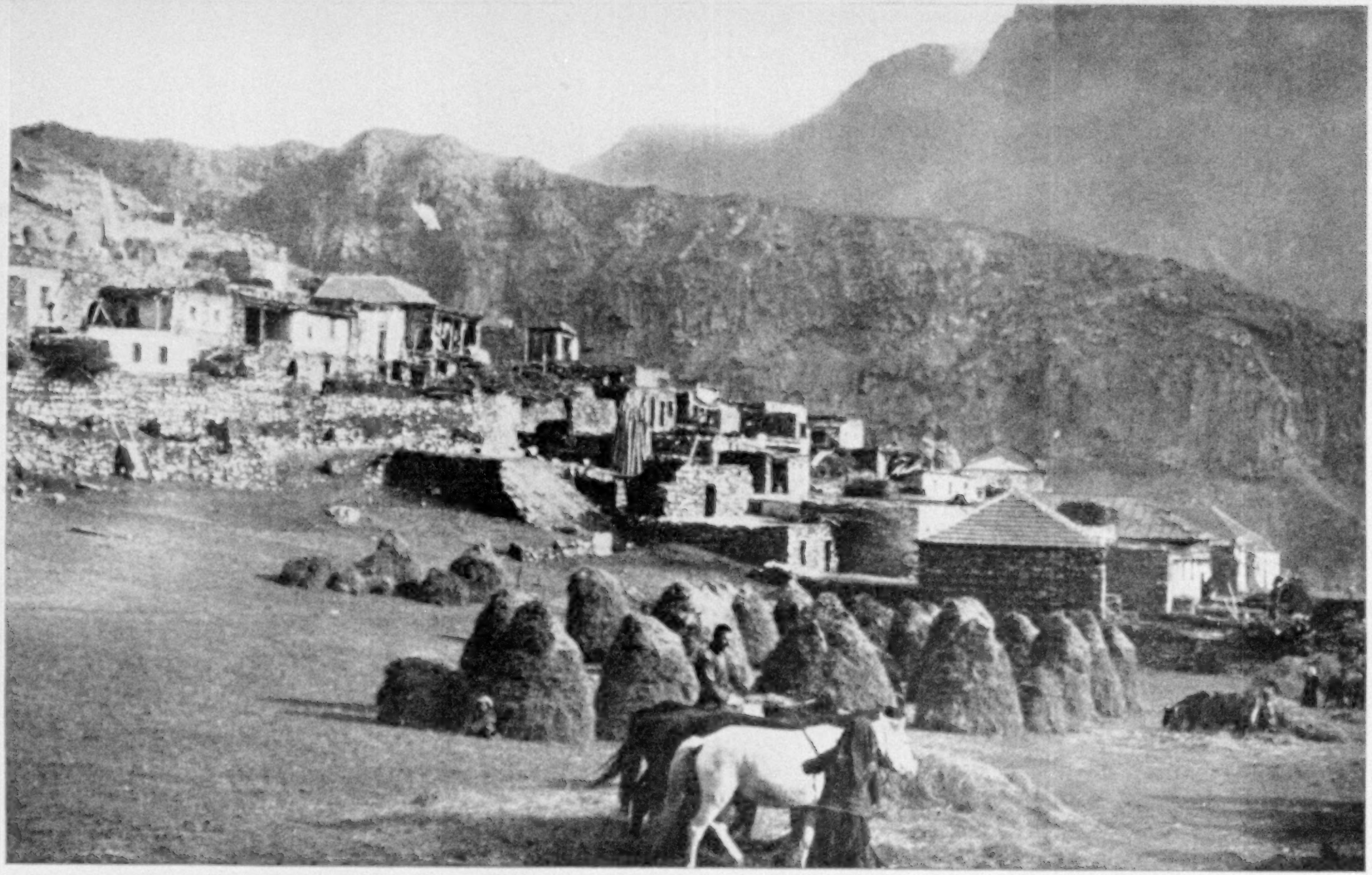

Photograph by M. O. Williams

GERGETI, THE CENTER FOR A GROUP OF MUCH INCLINED FIELDS FROM WHICH THESE MOUNTAINEER GEORGIANS EKE OUT A FREE LIFE

"Of all the varied peoples who inhabit that rabbit warren of humanity, the Caucasus, the Georgians are most interesting. With the Armenians, they form an important outpost against Turanian dangers."

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Tiflis, one of the proudest avenues in the world, is owned by Armenians and brightened by the presence of the Georgians, the handsomest young people one can find in Asia.

### GEORGIA'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

On October 14, 1917, I attended the investiture of the Georgian Katholikos at Mtzkhet, the first in one hundred years. This was the first step this militant people, who had chafed under the burden of Tsardom, made toward independence. The affair at Mtzkhet marked their religious autonomy and freedom from the Russian Church. On May 26, 1918, after the Turks took the Batum and Kars districts, thus leaving only historic Georgia to the Transcaucasian Republic, the Georgian Diet declared their independence, thus virtually ending the Transcaucasian Republic, in which Tatars had had four representatives to Georgia's three.

Whether Georgia can hold out against the Turks and Germans remains to be seen, but of one thing we may be sure, Georgia will never tamely submit to oppression. She flirted with Germany's Pan-Turanian schemes and as late as June 19, 1918, was forced to send delegates to Constantinople to confer with the Central Powers; but Georgia has never relished the idea of subservience and she may hold out till relief can reach her.

Every train entering Mtzkhet on October 14, 1917, was packed to the doors. Crowds of young men from Tiflis rode on the roofs in order to see the colorful drama of the rebirth of a proud nation. It was not until the procession between the tiny station and the stately church was formed that order appeared in the kaleidoscopic scene.

### A PICTURESQUE PROCESSION

At the head of the line was a handsome Georgian, bearing aloft a blue silk banner inscribed in silver with Georgian characters and surmounted by a silver disc which bore the picture of some great saint. He was dressed in soft black boots, a dark-brown *tcherkeska*, with its narrow waist and flowing skirts and cartridge cases across the breast, and wore the small Georgian skull cap; but as necessary as his dress were the sword and dagger and, strange anachronism, an automatic pistol in a brand-new russet case at his hip. Death-dealing weapons are still articles of ordinary dress in Georgia.

The color-bearer was flanked by two swordsmen in wine-colored plush doublets edged in soft fur, scarlet trousers, soft white-leather boots with gold tassels, and anklets of soft white leather with narrow stripes of red leather trimming.

Behind them came thirty or more male singers, gaily dressed and followed by a band of young women wearing Marguerite braids which reached below the knees. Over their close-fitting bodices of figured silk in soft tints of gray and blue they wore flowing velvet cloaks of delicate blue edged in fur. Their skirts, of queenly length, were paneled in the same soft tinted material as composed their bodices and their soft boots were hidden except for the shapely toes.

Then came a huge motor-car, crawling along with all the dignity due its chief occupant, the Katholikos-to-be. Forming a daisy chain about this ecclesiastical chariot were forty or more young Georgian girls, their smooth cheeks flushed beyond their usual fine color by the excitement. Most were dressed in simple white, against which their raven hair and rosy cheeks showed lively contrast, but a few wore tailored suits and small hats in the latest European style.

### OBSERVERS OF THREE HOLY DAYS EACH WEEK

Behind these lovely ladies came gaunt Khevsurs, wearing chain coats of mail and chain helmets. Their straight swords were double-edged and each carried a small shield decorated with appliqué figures. Their small, wiry horses sniffed restively at the fumes of the motor-cars, resenting more than did their ruddy-haired masters this anachronism of eight centuries gap.

The Khevsurs wear the cross on their clothing and are the champion religionists of the world, for they observe the Christian Sabbath, the Jewish Saturday, and the Mohammedan Friday, and their religion is a strange mixture of all three beliefs with paganism. An early French traveler started the story that they were

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A GROUP OF THE FAMOUS GEORGIAN WOMEN

The woman in the center has her hands full of a peculiar candy made by stringing walnut meats and covering them with a gelatinous substance formed by boiling down grape juice

Photographs by M. O. Williams

SOME GEORGIAN BOYS ALONG THE GEORGIAN MILITARY ROAD NEAR KASBEK

Part of the Georgians are picturesque brigands; the rest are agricultural people who have lost none of their pride of race as a result of their contact with the soil

descendants of some Frankish Crusaders who fell in love with Georgian womanhood and forgot the Holy Grail in the midst of Georgian loveliness; but a matter-of-fact and very erudite Georgian scholar in Tiflis spoiled that story.

Inside the church, erected on the spot where the unseamed vesture of the Christ was found, after having been brought hither from Golgotha by a Jew, there lie buried many of the proud but ill-fated line of Georgian kings, the last of whom, George XIII, ceded his territory to Russia in 1801 and died that year, broken-hearted, a true ruler, who could not conquer and therefore faced the only alternative—death.

Sixteen centuries have passed since the first Christian church was erected on that site; yet in the necropolis beyond there are remains of broad-headed men of the Iron Age, compared with whom Heraclius, Queen Tamara, the Guramides, and the Pharnavasians are unromantic moderns. They could tell of times before Prometheus was bound to the heights of Kasbek and Jason came hither in search of the Golden Fleece. Mtzkhet is ancient, but it is only a way station on the great highway of history across the mountain barrier which bridges the land-masses of Europe and Asia.

Georgia's relations with Russia should have a peculiar interest for Americans, for the King of Kakhetia sought the protection of Ivan III the year Columbus discovered America, and our Pilgrim Fathers were about to embark for the rock-bound coast when Georgia, harried by Persia, appealed to Michael, the first of the Romanoffs, for protection. While our first Federalists were drafting our Constitution, Heraclius II declared himself a vassal to Russia. Last October, Georgia planned to be one of a group of autonomous States that would be the nucleus for a federated Russia.

Photograph by M. O. Williams

A GEORGIAN MOUNTAIN GIRL OF GERGETI ON THE SLOPES OF KASBEK

There is so much strength in the Georgian face that the women lose their greatest charm by the time they mature. The classic nose is too noble to be pretty; the straight, large mouth shows determination rather than a Cupid's bow.

### WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN THE CAUCASUS

"I divorce you three times!" The silk-clothed Tatar with his well-trimmed

Photograph by M. O. Williams

TWO TEKKÉ TURKOMANS ON THE STEPS OF THE MILITARY MUSEUM AT GEOK TÉPÉ

The Russians insult the Turkomans with pictures of the Russian victory and Tekke cowardice, but there is about as much cowardice in a Turkoman as there is milk in a milk-snake. One of these fighting men wears the Georgian Cross (see page 259).

beard evidently meant it, and the veiled figure opposite him should have quailed before the idea of widowhood. But she didn't. That was one of the incidents I saw in connection with the election of the Transcaucasian Government in Tiflis on the day that ill-starred little republic was born. One of the wives of a prominent Tatar had voted a different ticket from the one her husband had advised, and, womanlike, once the ballot was safely and secretly deposited, told her husband about it. Such are some of the primer steps toward modernism in Georgia.

High over the city circled an aëroplane, with its clatter drawing the attention of the people. The day was clear and bright and the streets crowded. Thousands gazed aloft to watch the movements of the machine. It crossed the Kura, which divides the shoestring city along its banks, passed over the Golovinski Prospekt, and turned toward its hangar to the east.

Then suddenly there fell from the plane a dazzling shower of huge snowflakes, which grew and grew, volplaning and whirling until a few reached the outstretched hands of the people below. The Bolshevik occupants were bombing the election crowds with Bolshevik literature. Electioneering in Tiflis was not without its picturesque side.

In the theaters on the night before, the lights had scarcely flashed on after the first act when from a dozen places in the top gallery showers of flyers were dropped onto the heads and laps of the gaily dressed throng. Through the day automobiles, with their exhausts roaring and decorated with the numbers of the different political parties, dashed through the fine streets, campaigning for votes.

Posters were pasted to almost every-

Photograph by M. O. Williams

TEKKE TURKOMANS AND RUSSIANS ON THE TRANS-CASPIAN RAILWAY

"The Tekke Turkomans are huge, fine-looking men, who wear sheepskin hats a foot high. They owe as much of their charm to their fantastic headgear as does a stage beauty."

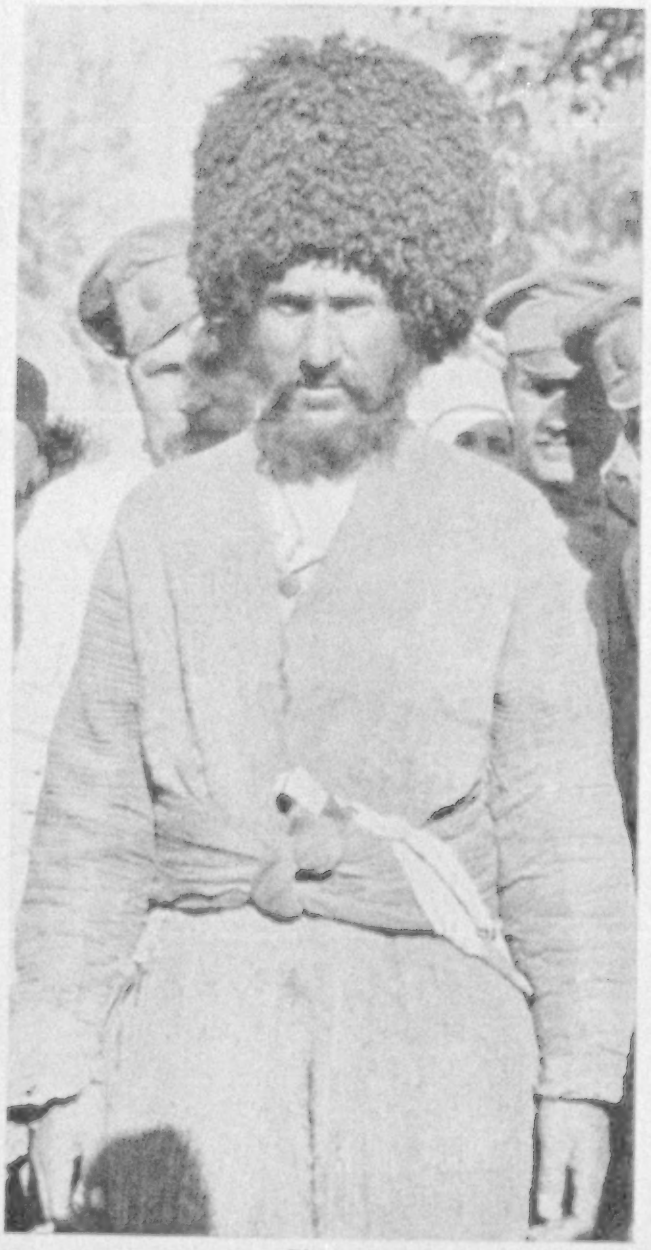
thing within reach, and in some cases the poster of one party had been covered by the poster of another. Plate-glass windows on finer shops than most American cities boast had been daubed with paste and plastered with posters, and few indeed were the shop-keepers who cared to scrub off these disfiguring sheets before the election was finished. Crude numbers indicating the various parties were scrawled here and there, reminding me very much of college days when the Freshies painted "1911" on every available spot and the Sophs changed the last figure to a zero to show that the class of 1910 was still on the map.

### SIXTEEN POLITICAL PARTIES IN CITY CONTEST

The election in Tiflis was hardest on street-cleaners and most profitable to printers, for every party seemed determined to surpass every other party in the number of flyers they could scatter on the streets and in all public places. For months to come the buyer of small notions in Tiflis will carry home his goods in a slip of paper naming political candidates. One of the sixteen parties in a city where 100,000 votes were cast printed 2,000,000 flyers.

Some of the parties published booklets explaining their position, and party platforms fell on the people from all sides. When a people to whom the ballot is new undertakes to choose from among sixteen parties, it takes a judicial mind. But most of the people seemed to have decided in advance what ticket they would vote, for I found no one who could give me the names of all the parties represented by the sixteen numbers.

Number 1, the Minshevik branch of the Social Democratic party, polled nearly a third of the votes cast. The Armenian Federalist party came second with two-thirds as many. They were followed closely by the Bolsheviki, most of whose



Photograph by M. O. Williams

A TEKKE TURKOMAN AT GEOK TEPE, THE SCENE OF SKOBELEFF'S VICTORY OVER THE TURKOMANS

votes were cast by Russian soldiers still stationed in Tiflis. They were the ones who utilized the aëroplane as an electioneering factor months before it was proposed to distribute propaganda in this manner behind the German lines.

After the Bolsheviks came the Party of Popular Freedom, and next came the Cadets. The Zionist party polled 781 votes and a party called the Moslem Union of Russia, represented by number 14, did not get a single vote. Number 13 ran a close second for consolation honors with a solitary ballot.

Men and women voted together, rode in the same electioneering automobiles, distributed flyers together, and in general showed an absolute equality of opportunity and willingness to make use of it. The voting was heavy, amounting to one vote for every five inhabitants of Tiflis.

In spite of the heavy vote, there was little excitement during the three days of election. There was talk of intimidation by the soldiers, but I could detect no evidence of it. Soldiers were prominent in the air-warming oratory in front of the voting places, but those I saw seemed content to listen to their own eloquence without using more forceful measures.

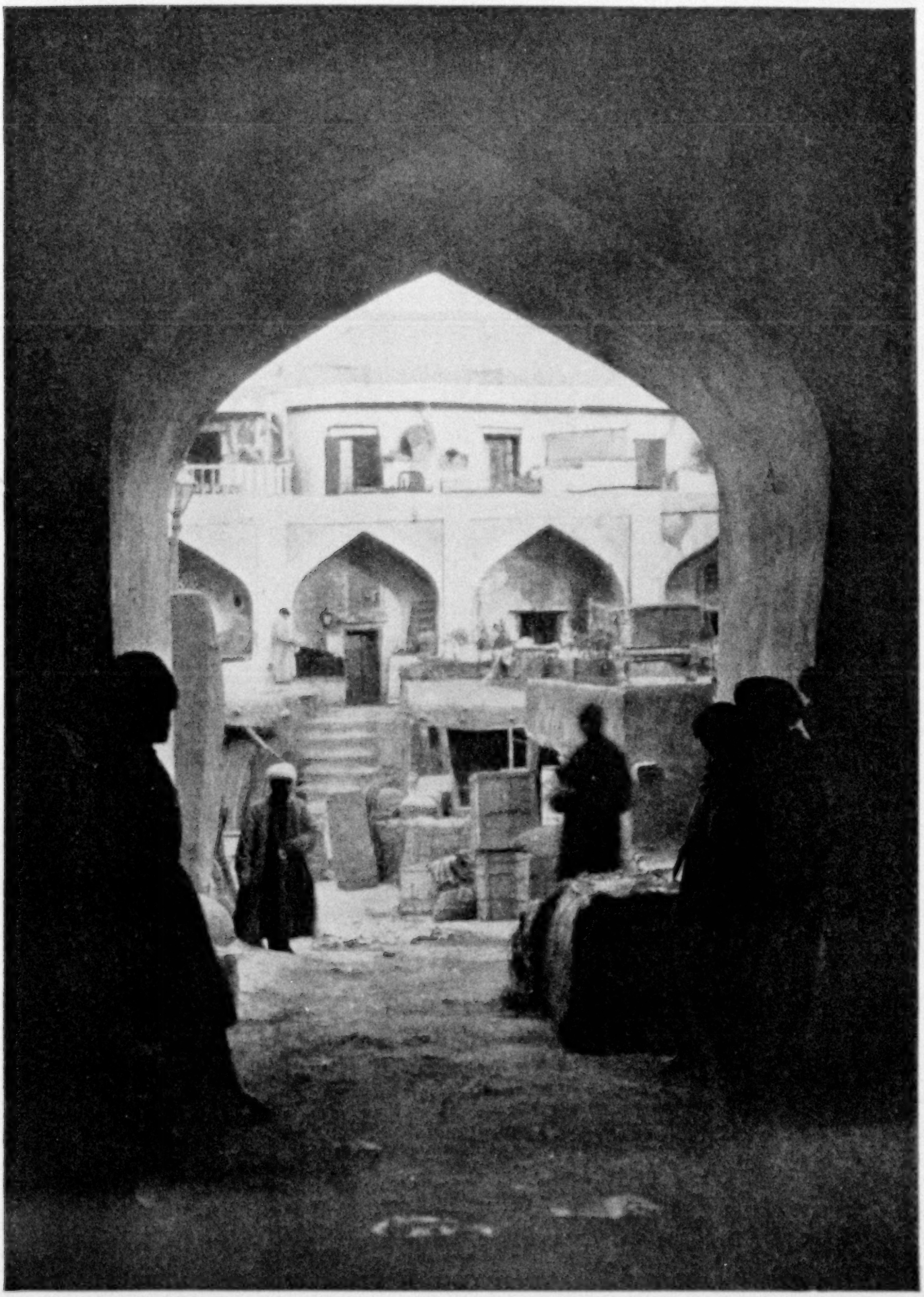
Out of eighteen thousand Bolshevik votes, the Russian soldiers cast twelve thousand. Prisoners were allowed to vote, and 246 out of 250 voted the Bolshevik ticket.

### THE SIZE AND EXTENT OF TURKESTAN

Our doorway to Turkestan was Krasnovodsk, a mediocre city consisting of a railway station, two churches, several wharves, and other small things too numerous to mention, but not too insignificant to make their presence felt. It has spread itself out at the base of some tawny hills very much like the African hills along the Red Sea and basks in the desert sun with a supreme disregard for its own slovenliness. Not only is the railway station the main architectural feature of the town; its sentimental value is only equaled by that of the several wharves. Some say that history emigrated from Turkestan. If it ever emigrated from Krasnovodsk, it simply obeyed the common impulse.

Turkestan begins in the west by being a land of desert, dust, and dreariness and ends in the east in lovely and fertile Ferghana. Its inhabitants insist that in spring there are green spots here and there, but in few places is there enough rain to give an annual house-cleaning to the dusty trees and shrubs.

Turkestan, including the Khanate of Khiva and the Emirate of Bokhara, both of which now claim independence, is three times as large as Texas, yet it was almost lost in the Tsar's domains. It has as many people as New York and Massachusetts combined and there are as few Russians as there are native-born Americans on Manhattan Isle. Its two largest rivers empty into a sea about the size of



Photograph by M. O. Williams

A BOKHARA KHAN LOOKING IN FROM THE DARK PASSAGE THAT LEADS TO THE COVERED BAZAAR: GREAT WEALTH IS SOMETIMES CONTAINED HERE

Like many another ancient city, Bokhara does not owe its permanence to brick or marble. A good rain would wash away its crumbling walls and mud houses. It is being continually patched and rebuilt, never completely old and never wholly new.



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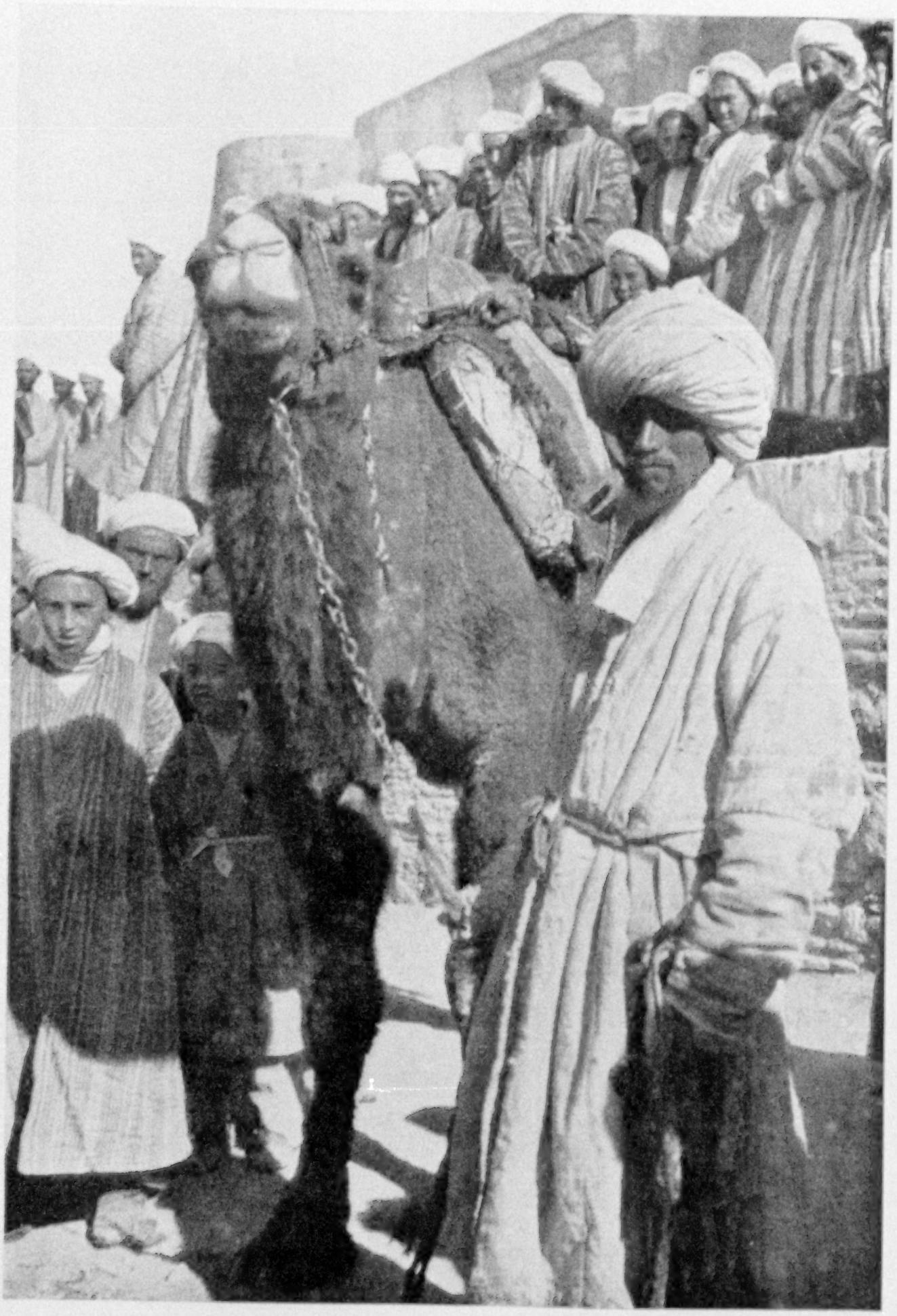

Photograph by M. O. Williams

A SON OF THE DESERT VISITS BOKHARA

"When the nomad comes to town he's sure to be done brown; the dealers cheat, the Mullahs pray, and the poor guy's broke ere he gets away to the desert"

Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, and do their best to keep it from drying up into a salt pile; but they are slowly losing the battle.

The first point of interest along the railway is the Akhal Oasis, which can easily be distinguished in spring, but resembles the desert in late fall and winter. It is the largest oasis in Turkestan, 160 miles long and 10 miles wide. Here dwell the Tekke Turkomans—huge, fine-looking men, who wear sheepskin hats a foot high. The Turkomans owe as much of their charm to their fantastic headgear as does a stage beauty. When they remove them and reveal the shaved heads and gaudy embroidered skull caps beneath, they seem commonplace; yet there are many of the older men whose majesty of bearing is not a matter of costume alone. Their red cotton khalats give them a princely stateliness which the trousered and booted Russian with his shirt flopping lacks.

### AMERICA'S LOVE FOR RUGS CHANGES AN ORIENTAL PEOPLE

If some one asserted that the American love for Oriental rugs had changed the marriage customs of a nomadic people, had brought forth on this globe a comparatively homely race of human beings, and had built up a complex system of morals in the heart of Asia, it would seem like a sensational story.

Yet that statement seems well founded, and love for beauty in America has reacted on the facial features of a princely race in Turkestan with deplorable result. Truly it is a small world when an artistic recluse in a New York studio fathers a homely son in a distant desert. Yet the rising generation of Turkomans are distinctly homelier than their princely sires. And the conquest of their domain by Russia does not entirely explain it.

The Tekkintzi rug, more commonly known by the less distinctive name of Bokhara, is the loveliest product of the desert loom. Its charm lies not in intricacy of design, manifold detail, or symbolic meaning. It is not a picture in wool. Brilliancy of coloring it does not have. But in richness of tone the Tekkintzi wins its rightful place as queen of rugs.

Its symphony of soft and sober color has its major and minor chords. From one direction it is dark and quiet and soft. But as the light strikes down into its velvety nap, it shines with a light overtone and reveals a sheen like that of silk, such as can come only from years of contact with the flexible, high-arched feet of the desert mother or the heel-less boots of her master.

Years of care in selecting the long-fibered, spotless wool, in dyeing it in reds from Bokhara, blues from Afghanistan, or blacks from Merv, with a touch of orange or yellow now and then, and in weaving it beneath the hot sun of the dry desert, give the Tekkintzi a character which more hurried methods cannot give. It reveals no trace of foreign accent, for its language of lasting beauty is bred in the blood.

When one sees how well the erect Turkoman, with his stalking camel or his loping horse, fits the desert vastness he wonders why the Russians were able to humble him as they did. God gave him life and boundless pastures for his flocks, and while he sat in solemn council or rode the boundless plain, with a wobble-kneed colt at the heels of his light-foot mare, his wife wove rugs and found in them expression for the artistic in her nature and its desire to make itself known.

Then came the Russian glacier, creeping down toward India, and the fearless nomad was cruelly beaten in his own field by the well-armed fighters of an agricultural race. The locomotive came to shriek derision at his train of stalking camels, and a band of shining steel cut its burning way across his trackless desert.

Then the trade in rugs, which had begun as a matter of art and individual choice, became a commercial transaction. As the pastures became smaller, irrigated plots made it possible for the nomad to become agriculturalist, and the dweller of the *yurteh* began to buy with the product of his wife's labor the frames for his felt hut, instead of making them himself from the reeds of the marshes. The old roaming life was gone and mud huts, plain and square, began to grow up from the desert plain, usually centering about a homely station building. Not flocks but rugs became the source of income.

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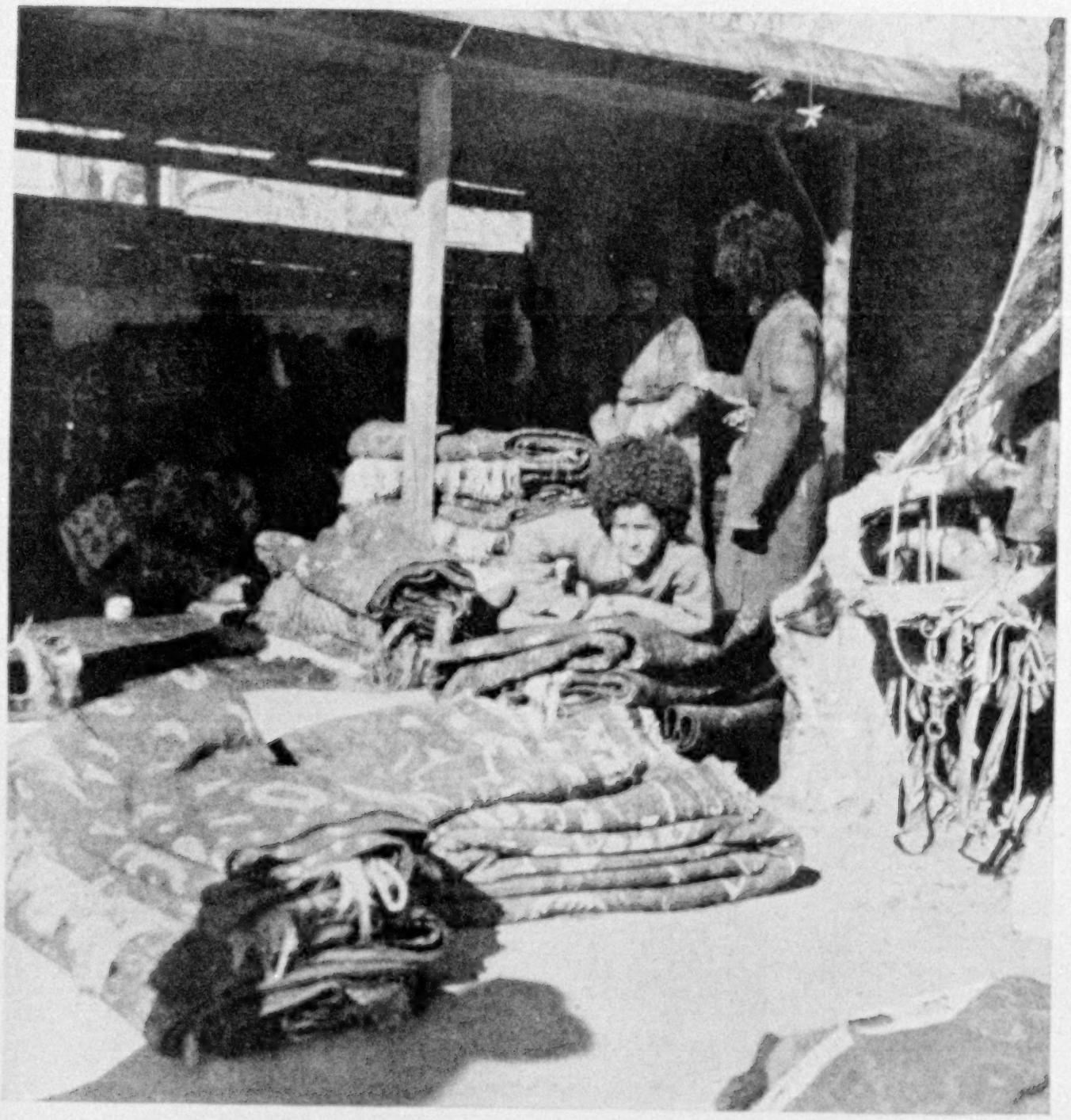


Photograph by M. O. Williams

IN THE BAZAAR AT MERV

The legend and history of Merv date back many, many centuries before the Zoroastrian Books of Wisdom told of the haven that prehistoric man sought and found in the great oasis which bears the name of the present town.

For centuries, possibly extending back to the Iranian peoples whom Alexander found here on his way to India, the Tekke maiden had been taught to dye and weave. When she was married to her Mohammedan husband, the young bride took with her to her master's hut the rugs her patient toil had formed, and he in turn paid a corresponding price to her parents. Her dowry was her skill and its product. She was a menial, but with the soul of an artist. Her toil was long, but it was not drudgery. She was not a slave, for her work demanded the inspiration of a soul, and she had an enviable position compared with that of many of her Oriental sisters in polygamy.

Gradually these masterpieces in mahogany, deep chocolate, terra-cotta, old rose, burnt orange and black found their way to America, where their appeal was irresistible. Buyers raced one another across Europe into the Transcaspian home of history to secure the priceless

Photograph by M. O. Williams

YEARS OF CARE ARE REPRESENTED IN EACH OF BOKHARA'S RUGS

Around the Merv Bazaar are small sheds to which the wholesale buyers remove their wares and store them or display them to those who were not lucky enough to see them first

treasures of a conquered race. The skill of the Tekke woman began to win its reward. Her genius had caused the art world to wear a path to her hut and her open-air loom. But there was the unhappy side.

### THE TURKOMAN TAKES AN INFERIOR WIFE

Only the rich young Turkomans could afford to buy a wife at the exorbitant price her skill made possible. Parents raised the price of their daughters, consoling themselves with the fact that if they could not produce offspring they could at least produce valuable rugs. The age of marriage became higher. Caught in the trap which skillful women had woven, the young men revolted from the exaggerated demands of the avaricious and unromantic parents and sought cheaper wives elsewhere, while Tekke women, robbed of love and enmeshed in their own skeins of fine wool, dragged out busy lives of hated spinsterhood.

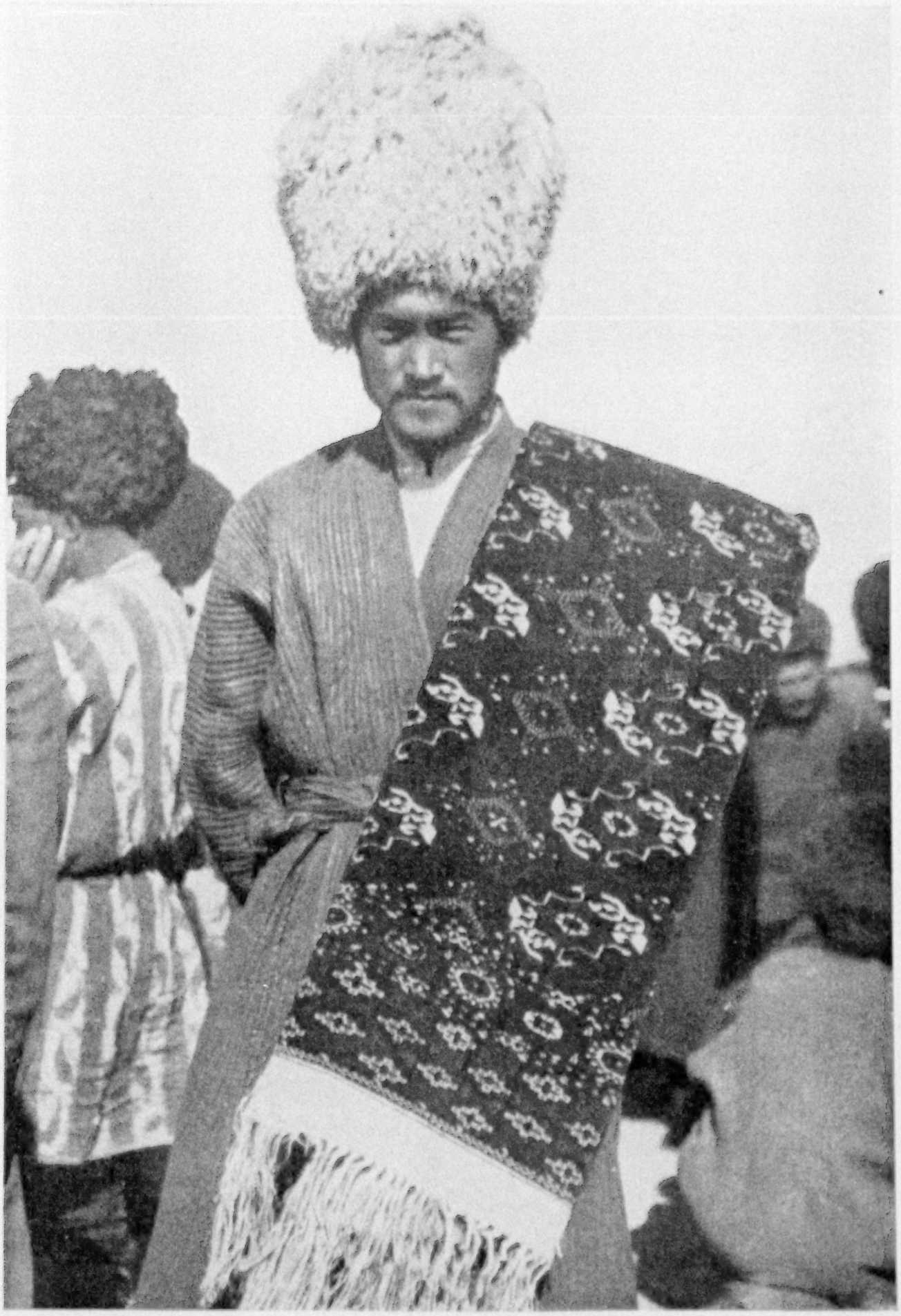
Photograph by M. O. Williams

STRIKING A BARGAIN AT MERV

The buyer and seller grasp hands to feel out the opponent, and when they seem to be in deadlock a third man steps in to arbitrate. If it is a go, they shake hands once more with the money between the palms.

The Turkoman was a fine, erect man, whose real height was accentuated by a massive, shaggy sheepskin shako till he seemed a veritable giant. To the princely bearing of the Bedouin he added the militant charm of the drum-major. His fine features were cruel but handsome. His nose was straight, his chin strong, and his face oval. He was handsome and he knew it. With American methods he could have won the hand of any wife he chose. But he was forced by custom to follow the method of barter and his purse was as thin as his lips.

Among the Persians, Kirghizes, and Sarts this militant Romeo bought wives for a tenth what a Turkoman woman would cost. But he had to pay the price in the irregular features and smaller bodies of his offspring. Commerce robbed him of his proper mate and put in her place an inferior woman who bore homeliness instead of beauty. Rugs fought with humans and defeated them. But the



Photograph by M. O. Williams

A JEWEL OF THE HAND LOOM

When a small dealer in Merv wants to sell a rug he drops it over his shoulder thus and acts unconcerned; that gives the impression that the rug has merits that need no salesmanship.



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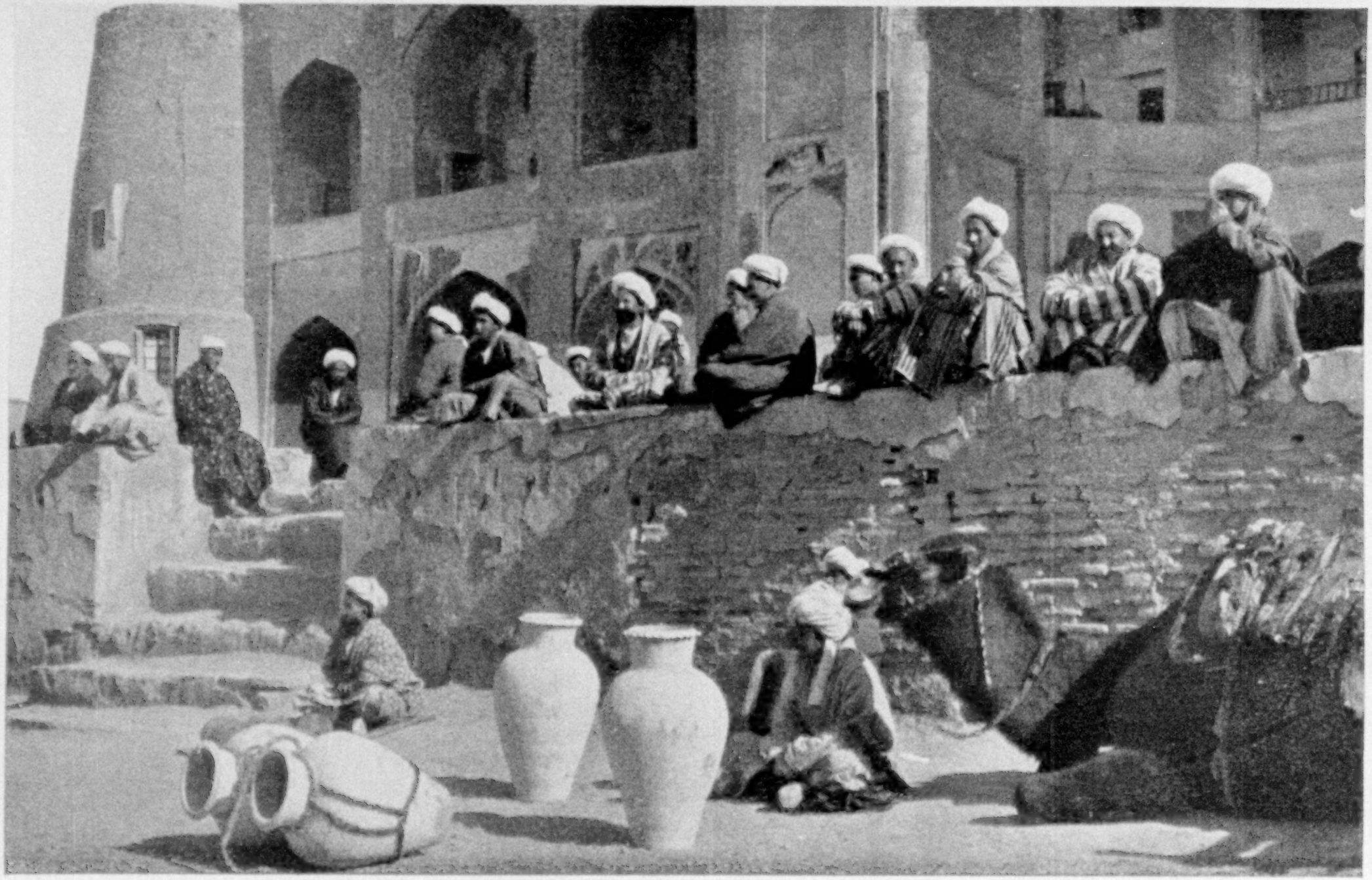

Photograph by M. O. Williams

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS ARRAYED IN THEIR RAINBOW FINERY SEATED BEFORE THE MIR ARAB: BOKHARA

Six colors in a single Bokhara male costume is considered a monochrome. Bokhara is a mud flower-pot containing every conceivable color of flower and every one is a male.

demand for rugs, like the demand for wives, brought its own unhappy sequel.

### THE RUG-WEAVING ART FINALLY COMMERCIALIZED

The supply of fine old rugs was insufficient and new ones had to be made more quickly. Women who had not learned the complex processes of manufacture began to produce rugs for the brisk market. Persian, Sartian, and Kirghize women began to set up frames and turn out a product that showed their lack of artistic taste. Aniline dyes became common, and coal-tar yielded colors so hideous that artificial aging methods had to be resorted to. The market in a depreciated product began to decline.

The young men not only could not afford a Turkoman wife; even the Sart and Kirghize women became a burden rather than a source of income. The Turkoman, whose religion is lax and whose ideas of social intercourse are the same, became the first nominal Mohammedan to forsake polygamy for indiscriminate prostitution; and in Bairam Ali today there exist great buildings devoted to this shame produced by the commercialization of art.

Nineteen seventeen was a bad year in Turkestan. The Russian Government had encouraged the growing of cotton for its Moscow factories instead of food, and with the disorganization of the railways by Bolshevik troubles and the long drought, both in the Afghan Mountains and in Turkestan, food became scarce and dear. Hunger forced priceless rugs into the market, and when I visited the rug market at Merv there were thousands of specimens, where the autumn before there had been dozens.

Many of them are the best quality that has been seen for a decade. When the well-to-do American secures one of these art treasures from the cradle of civilization, he has a product whose value increases with every year, unless he mars with heeled shoes an art study in wool which was not intended for such use.

But it is a small world nowadays, and back of many a rug that will find its way to America after the war is a desert woman robbed of her mate by the skill of her hands and the avarice of her parents; a homely little son of a handsome father and a bought woman from another race; and a great brick brothel in Old Merv, rising beside the ruins of ancient cities that reach back to the time of the Persians, the Uzbegs, the Mongols, the Arabs, the Nestorians, and the Seleucidæ, and beyond into the remote ages before the Zoroastrian Books of Wisdom told of the haven that prehistoric man sought mid the shifting desert sands and found in the great oasis of Merv.

### THE CHARM OF BOKHARA

Farther east lies the romantic mud flower-pot of Bokhara, which might be any desert city inclosed in crumbling walls and composed of mud houses which have almost no windows on the streets. A good rain would wash it away, and if left to the ravages of time this ancient city would soon sink to the level of the dust from which it was constructed. But Bokhara, like many another ancient city, does not owe its permanence to brick, marble, or reinforced concrete, and it will probably survive for a few more centuries, patching up here and rebuilding there, never completely old and never wholly new.

There are some charming spots in Bokhara, but it is a city lacking in architectural interest. There is a very romantic tower from whose top, 200 feet above the courtyard of the mosque of which it is the minaret, criminals used to be hurled headlong to their death. This high minaret, which has all the grace and charm of a monolithic smokestack, is almost the only break in the skyline. But the people of Bokhara are absorbingly interesting and their principal charm is their dress.

A solemn old Bokhara mullah wears as his flowing robe a garment whose colors would have made Joseph in his famous polychrome coat appear to be practicing camouflage in a dust bin. An American darky chooses just such colors for his necktie and then hides it under his vest to keep the city from calling out the fire department.

Six colors in a single Bokhara male costume is considered a monochrome, and the rainbow is a colorless aggregation of dull tints compared with what is considered sober apparel for a Bokhara Tatar.

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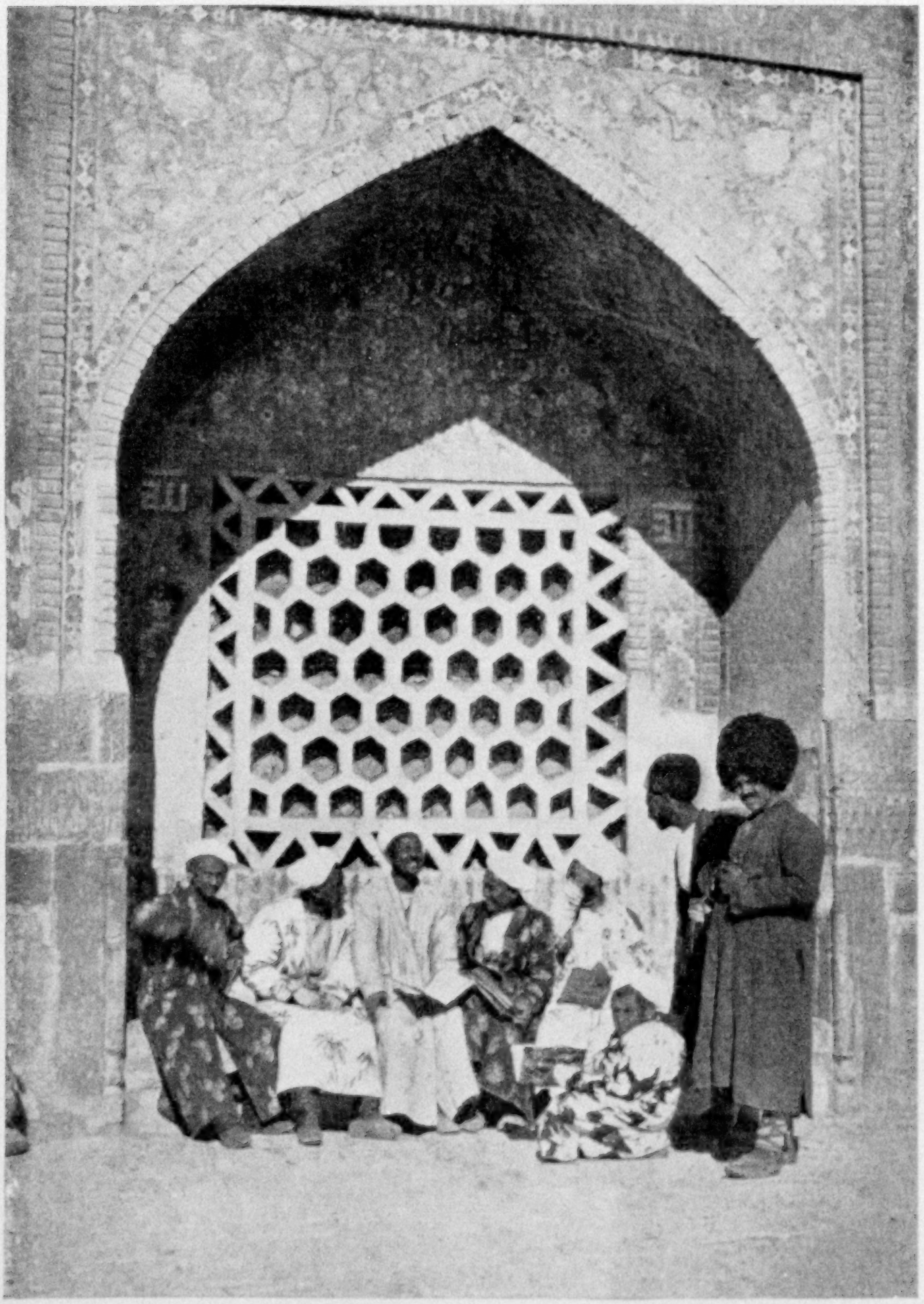
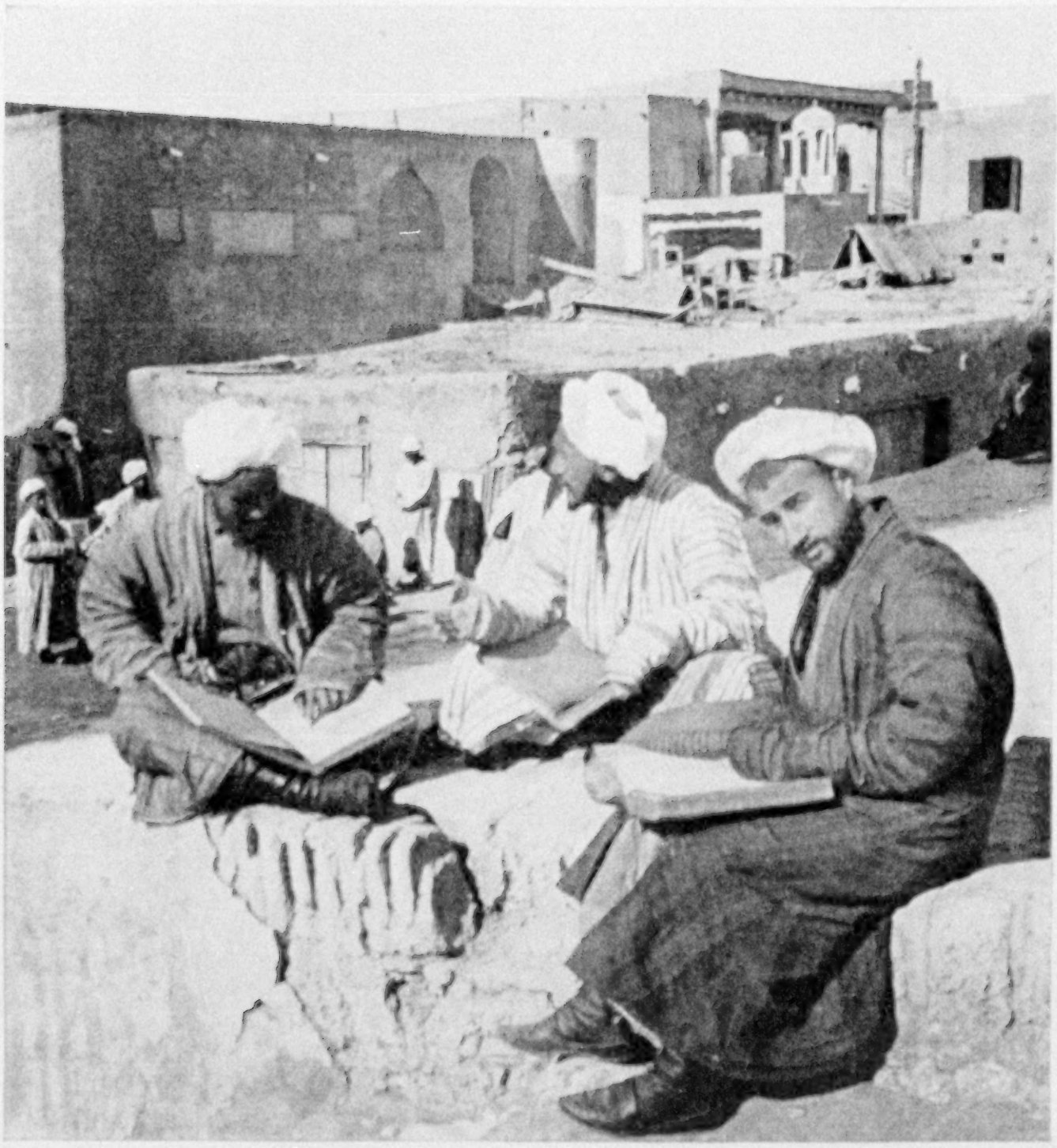


Photograph by M. O. Williams

BOKHARA THEOLOGUES

And two Turkomans who had to find some excuse for getting into the picture. No, only one is a Turkoman; the one with the close-clipped cap is an Uzbeg.



Photograph by M. O. Williams

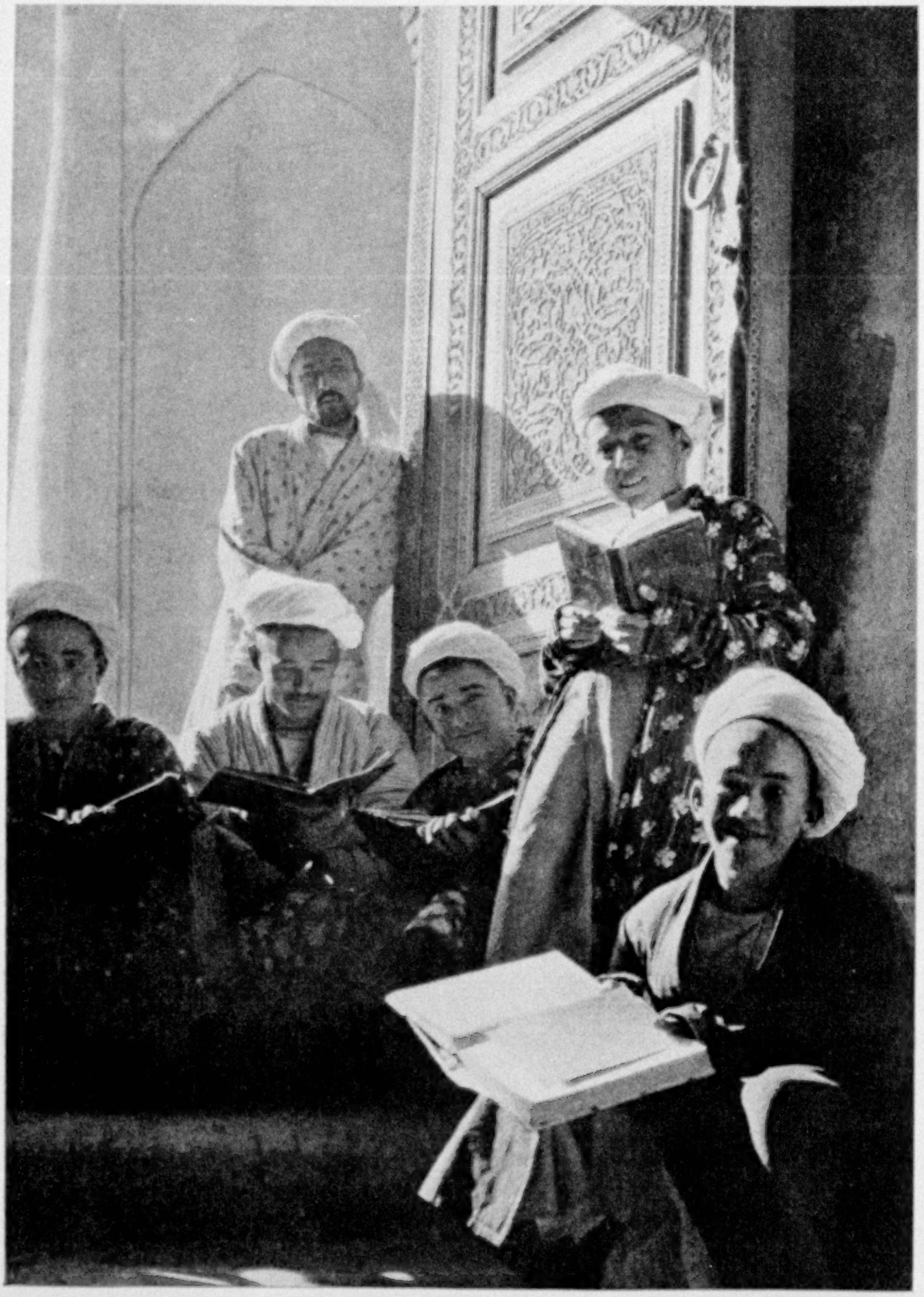
THREE BOKHARA THEOLOGUES IN FRONT OF MIR ARAB

In Bokhara on Friday spotless white turbans are the rule, but a riot of rainbow tints is to be found in the costumes beneath that white headgear

In Merv a crowd looks like a great mass of shaggy, black chrysanthemums, on account of the sheepskin caps worn by the Turkomans. But in Bokhara on Friday spotless white turbans are the rule; and under those turbans purples, blues, scarlets, yellows, pinks, and greens of myriad hues. There are blazing yellow suns on dark-red backgrounds and barber-pole stripes in a dozen colors.

There is just one color effect that the Bokhara man has not yet learned. He does not accordion pleat his gown and make it of alternate strips of crimson and white silk, so that it ripples from white to red and back again with every step. The man who introduces that effect to the Board of Deacons of the Common Council of Bokhara Religions will surely win fame and fortune.

Bokhara is a mud flower-pot containing every conceivable color of flower and



Photograph by M. O. Williams

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS IN BOKHARA, SHOWING THE FINE CARVED DOOR, THE MAIN ITEM OF ARCHÆOLOGICAL AND ARTISTIC INTEREST

every one is a male. A Bokhara woman has no place in the color scheme, unless it be as a neutral background. She hides behind a horsehair veil four feet by two and wears a cloak of gray that conceals any fascination she may have. The prettier ones wear thinner veils than the grandmothers. Oriental veils will continue to be considered a means of punishment, but as far as the man on the outside is concerned, they are, more often than not, a kindness.

### WHERE "EVERY FRIDAY IS EASTER SUNDAY"

The Friday service in the Registan in front of the Emir's castle is most impressive. From the entrance of the ark the cobbled square slopes down to the melon stalls and fruit venders' shops at the lower end, from whose shelter even a foreigner can observe the ceremony.

Stretching down the incline from the wide doorway is a line of white-bearded Moslems dressed in their heaviest silks and broad silver belts, standing on such glossy, faded rugs as never reach a dealer's hands. Fifty or sixty feet lower down there is a cross-line of other worshipers. There in the bright sun of the market-place, forming a color picture that only an Eastern sun could harmonize, hundreds of men bow and kneel and rise in unison. The timing of their movements is perfect. One sees broad silk-clad backs and massive white turbans at one instant and white beards and erect forms the next. Larger groups of worshipers may be seen in Samarkand and Delhi; but nowhere will one see a finer grouping of color. Every Friday is Easter Sunday to the Bokhara Moslems, and the kindly sun of the desert softens and harmonizes the varied scene into a pleasing whole.

### THE BAZAARS OF BOKHARA

Not only are there varieties of color, but of race as well. Persians, Jews, Hindoos, and Armenians mingle with the Sarts, Uzbeks, Tajiks, and Afghans. Tatars and Turkomans can be seen side by side with the Mongolian Kirghizes, and even Chinese wander through the maze of covered bazaars or swing across the brilliantly lighted squares. If Bokhara resembles a crocus or pansy bed in color effects, it resembles an anthropological museum in types of nose, mouth, cheek-bone, and eyes. But on all sides one sees the broad face, high cheek-bones, and round head of the Turanian.

The bazaars of Bokhara are her main charm. Even Damascus has nothing finer. The streets are covered and the lights subdued. Each tiny shop, a Mother Hubbard cupboard in everything but emptiness, where the shrewd merchant sits with his entire stock within reach, has a rug at its tiny front porch, where the customer can sit and smoke or drink tea until the bargain is complete.

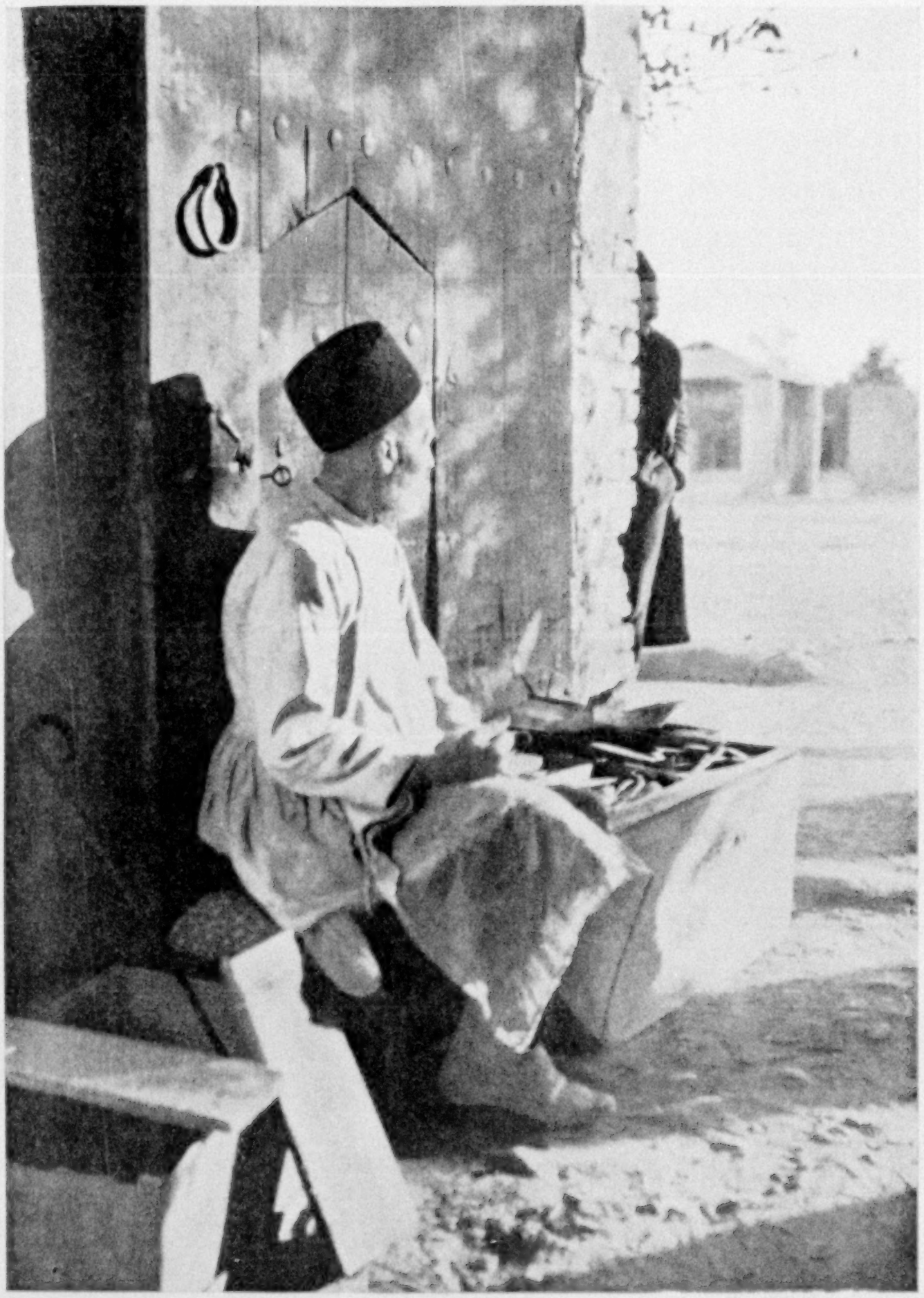
One can see processes as well as products and hours may be spent in watching the fascinating handicrafts of the East. The brass-ware is inferior to that of Damascus, but adds a mellow glow to the long, dark bazaars, and gaily-colored saddles and gaudy velvet caps, edged with glossy fur, light up the scene.

Bokhara is a very important religious center, with 364 mosques. Why not one more, with a temporary tabernacle for leap years, it is hard to say. But the Moslem year is shorter than ours, so that perhaps they have enough mosques for one mud city. There are more than a hundred theological colleges, with small rooms for the students surrounding a paved quadrangle from the corners of which rise small domes surmounted by stork nests.

### THE BOKHARA MOSLEMS

The Bokhara Moslems are ceremonialists to the tips of their fingers. They have shifty eyes, intellectual faces, and indolent bodies. Many of them are fat and greasy. One will see more fat men among the worshipers at Bokhara than he will in weeks of travel in Georgia or among the Turkomans. The Moslem religion fits a sleek beard and a fat body, and it is no wonder that the Turkomans are considered very poor churchmen.

But if one would really know the charm of Bokhara and its Oriental spell, he must not alone thread the murky bazaars, where the copper-workers' fires cast fantastic shadows on the tiny shop-faces opposite, or sit at the busy braziers eating



Photograph by M. O. Williams

A PERSIAN COBBLER IN ASKABAD, WHICH IS ONE OF THE CITIES FROM WHICH THE RUSSIANS HOPED TO ENTER PERSIA VIA MESHED

spitted mutton with a loaf of unleavened bread as table and fork, or satisfy the thirst of the desert with rosy pomegranates, luscious apples, or aromatic musk-melons from Chardjui, with almond and raisins to eke out his Oriental meal.

Let him seat himself beside one of the picturesque, but stagnant, pools, whence Bokhara derives its water, while the shades of evening silently settle about the quiet city. The Emir has tried to protect this Oriental spell by forbidding a hotel within the gates, and the last of the Russian business men have commuted back to their homes in Kagan. But the gates will not be shut for some time yet, so take time now in this most Oriental of cities to feel a little of the philosophy that takes pride in the past and thinks not of the morrow.

### TWILIGHT IN BOKHARA

Three veiled women come down to the water's edge, their shrouded forms reflected in sombre tints from the afterglow which leaves its rosy blush in the fringe of sky behind us. Now from behind one heavy veil there emerges a snow-white arm which dots with a touch of light the watery mirror of the quiet pool. In and out flits that firm, slender arm with its heavy gold bracelet until she turns to her companions and they all climb the slippery steps and fade away into the shadows of the roofed bazaar.

Following her comes the water-bearer with his flabby water skin, which he slowly fills through the neck from a leathern bucket until it becomes bloated and full-bodied as some huge amphibian. Some of the water splashes back into the dark pool in a silvery stream edged in pearls. And the music of its falling merges with the musical street cry of the passing peddler of sweets, who is trying to dispose of the rest of his tiny stock before night settles down.

Here at last is the East. Not Damascus, with its tourist hotels and shiny victorias; not Jerusalem, its ancient wall rent by the Kaiser's gate and its glaring clock-tower; not Cairo, with street-cars clanging by and evil-minded touts dogging one's footsteps; not even Constantinople or Delhi or the lovely, but lifeless, dream in marble at Agra, can quite match the charm of old-world Bokhara, dusty and tumbledown, with its seared face toward the glorious past, when Merv was queen of the East and Bokhara was her rival.

Then, as night really falls, we hasten through the deserted bazaars, barred and covered on both sides, where infrequent and dim electric lights can't quite spoil the fanciful effect, past great khans, in whose courtyards solemn, thoughtful camels ponder over problems of their own with supreme lack of concern for the rough stones that bruise knees once accustomed to soft sand beneath the stars. Here one old patriarch roars like a lion while his turbaned master beats him to his wrinkled, calloused knees.

And as we emerge from the dilapidated old walls of this dusty mud flower-pot a muezzin up near the scraggly stork's nest that tops the minaret sweetly intones the call to prayer. Beside us in the dusty road a string of tawny camels, grotesque in their ugliness, but picturesque hulks against the leaden sky, plod silently by on padded feet which sink deep into the soft dust of the Oriental desert.

### THE TOUCH OF TIME'S LOVING FINGERS

What costume does for Bokhara, architecture did for Samarkand. The Registan, once the show-place of Central Asia, still retains much of its former beauty, for the tinted tiles which encase the imposing façades of the mosque schools of Shir-Dar, Tillah Kari, and Ulug Beg have retained as much of their Oriental brilliance as is pleasing to the Western eye. Time has touched the tiles of Samarkand with loving fingers, leaving all that was beautiful and nothing that was garish.

And the crowds which flock the great market-place today add interest and animation to a historic and dignified plaza. The costume, the facial make-up, the method of transportation and bargaining, all are much what they were when Timur had his capital here, although the medressehs, which form three sides of the Registan, are of a much later date, erected while our colonists were settling Jamestown.

Outside the native city, with its sellers of melons and menders of shoes, its hun-

Photograph by M. O. Williams

RELIGIOUS FAKIRS IN THE REGISTAN AT BOKHARA

Posters announcing the latest "movie" are plastered on the mud wall to the left

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dreds of praying men and its tasseled boxes made from gourds of fantastic shape for use with pea-green tobacco powder, one sees tilework at its best, dating from Timur's prime. Here are found the beautiful mausolea of Shakh Zinda, erected by the monarch whose empire reached from Siberia to the Dardanelles and from the Ganges to the Persian Gulf.

### A JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES ARMY

That Timur the Lame, whom Marlowe pictures as a crude barbarian, was not without culture as well as kultur is shown by the fact that these mausolea were erected to the nurse, the sisters, and the spiritual adviser of the great nomadic chief who captured Delhi and Tiflis, Damascus and Aleppo, cities now coveted by Hadji Wilhelm of Potsdam.

In the shadow of the huge Mosque of Bibi Khanum, which Timur erected to his favorite wife, the great grain and dried fruit market is now held, for the fertile valley of the Zerafshan produces heavy grain, luscious grapes, and thin-shelled almonds, as well as the juicy melons which one buys, after sampling, in great drippy slices, in the Registan.

Timur's army was a Jack-of-all-Trades horde, for each fighter not only carried a bow with thirty arrows, a quiver, and a buckler, but for every two mounted fighting men a spare horse, and every ten had a great tent of felt. Each squad of ten also had two spades, a pickaxe, a sickle, a saw, an ax, an awl, a hundred needles, eight and a half pounds of stout cord, an ox's hide, and a strong pan. Swiss Family Robinson was not better provided for from the mother's wrist bag.

With this equipment and such flocks as were necessary, the great roving warrior advanced against a score of enemies and conquered most of them, so that he was reputed to have had his chariots drawn by conquered kings, wearing as parts of their harness the jewels which once they wore as crown gems.

Then came the day when the conqueror returned by way of Derbent and northern Persia, over the route Germany seeks as the corridor to the East, and the long, long trail winding across barren steppes and hot desert, over snow mountains and through the torrid heat of the Ganges and the Caspian depression, led Timur, the lame wanderer, back to his tomb in Samarkand. He never reached his capital alive; but his faithful followers, before they began fighting among themselves, carried the warrior's aged body back to the city where his friends lay buried.

The tomb of Timur, with its melon dome of turquoise blue, is in a quiet section of the city, at some distance from the smaller but lovelier mausolea of his loved ones. But in that cool and dark tomb, below the hot sun of Turkestan, the great Mongol leader and lame traveler lies buried with eight friends. Barbarian though he was, Timur loved deeply, and in death he is not alone.

### ROMANCE GIVES WAY TO COMMERCE

Historical romance gives way to commerce when one leaves the polychrome-tiled mosques of Samarkand and slips across into the lovely valleys of fertile Ferghana, where Russia's cotton was grown before revolution spoiled the Moscow factories and the railways at the same time, so that mountains of cotton piled up in the yards at Kokand and Andijan. Last winter the people hungered, for the railway that took out cotton used to bring back food; but this year the food is growing once more in the cotton fields, and Turkestan will be better off when this winter's famine comes to parts of Russia.

Down into Ferghana and out toward the Pamirs the express from Petrograd, with its sleeping cars and spotless diners, used to run; and across the protecting mountains the British Indian officials watched with undisguised dismay this onward sweep of Tsardom. But Russia's imperial power has been divided into warring atoms, and it is a Teutonic power robbed of its dream of Bagdad that now looks out on the romantic cities of Merv, Bokhara, and Samarkand as stepping-stones to the tropical materials and population centers of India and the East.

The modern Hadji has found that he cannot ride to India on the bowed backs of Moslem worshipers. But prostrate hordes in the unenlightened cities of Bokhara and Samarkand beckon the drama-loving Kaiser on to seek aids among the

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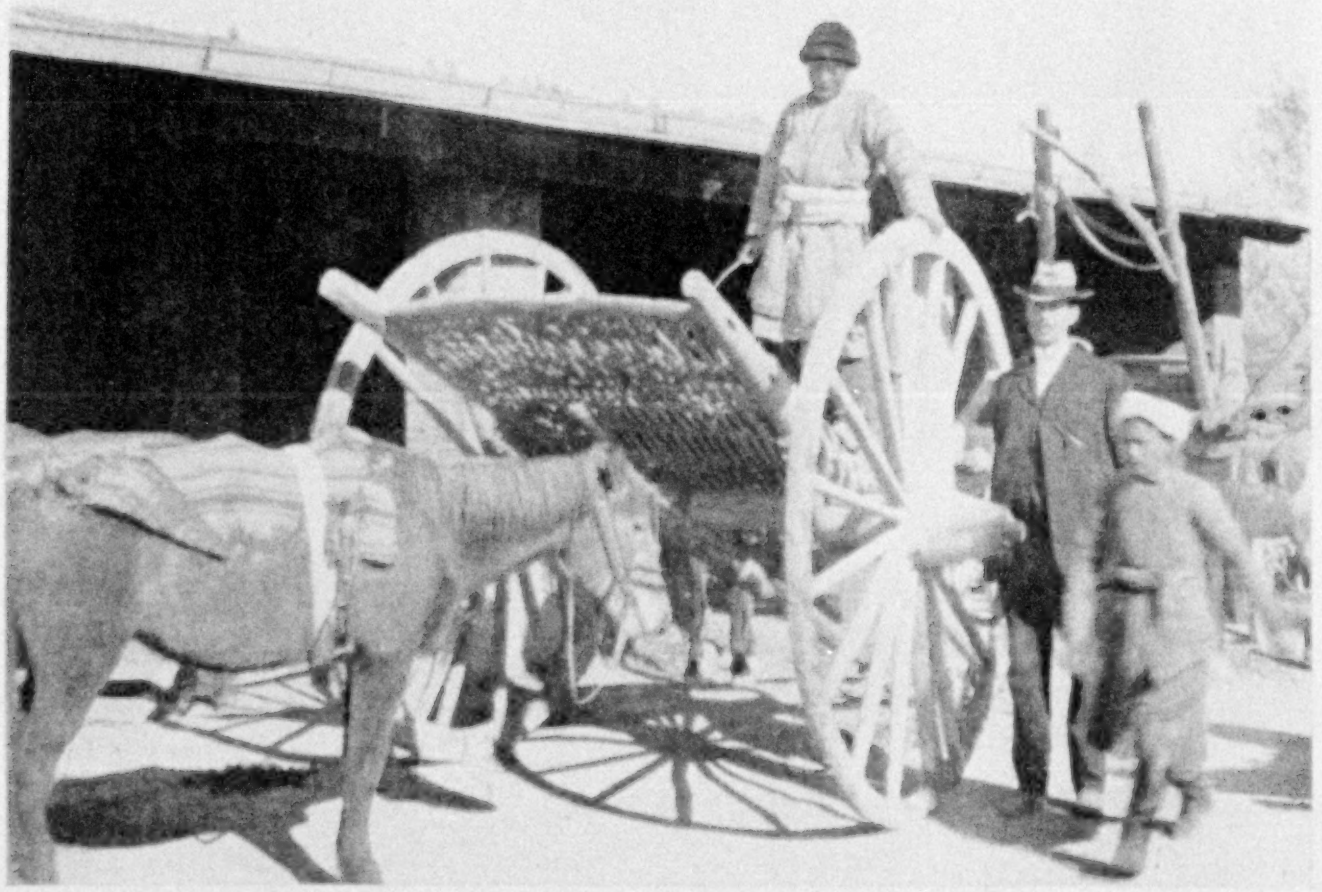
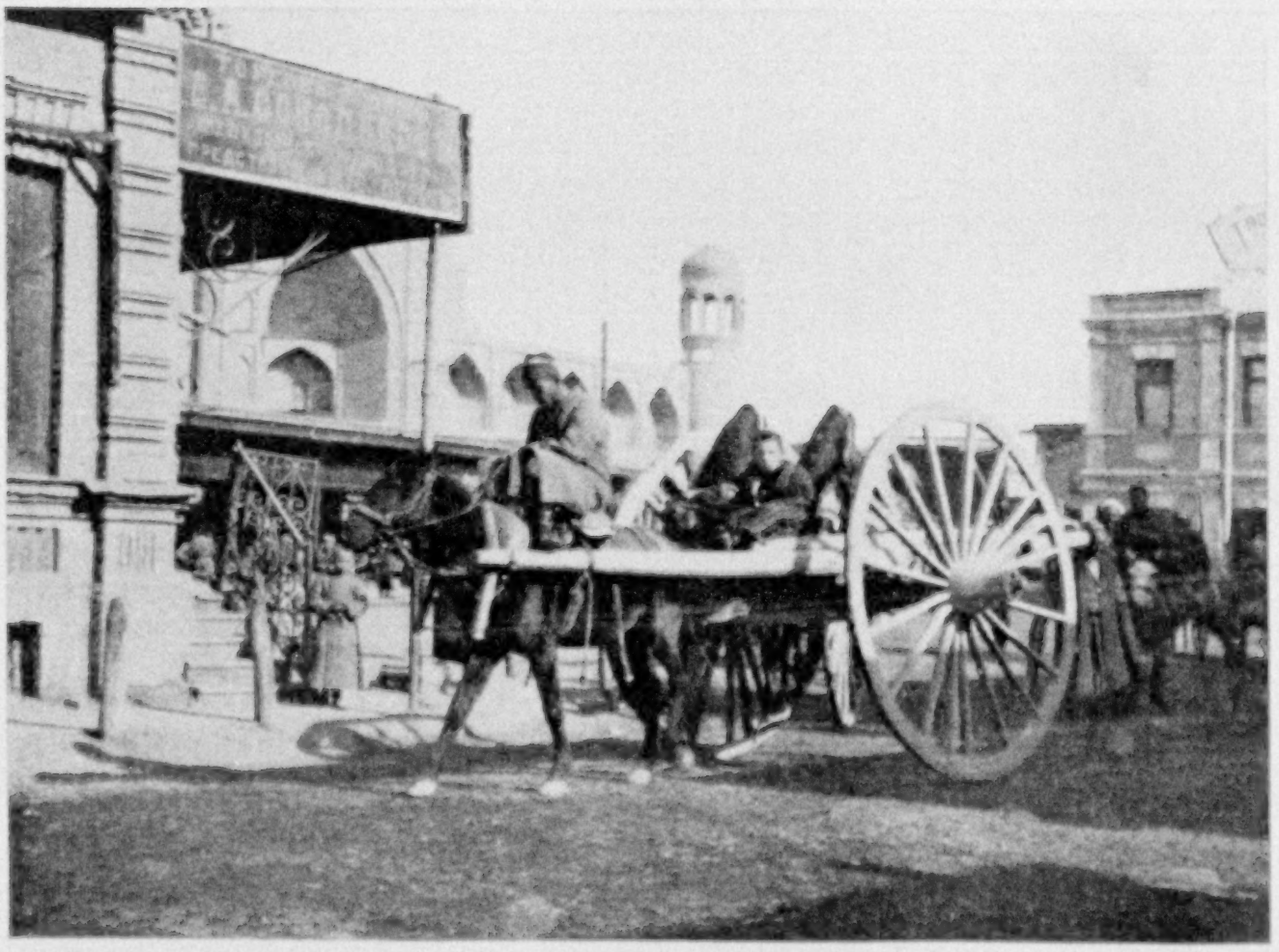
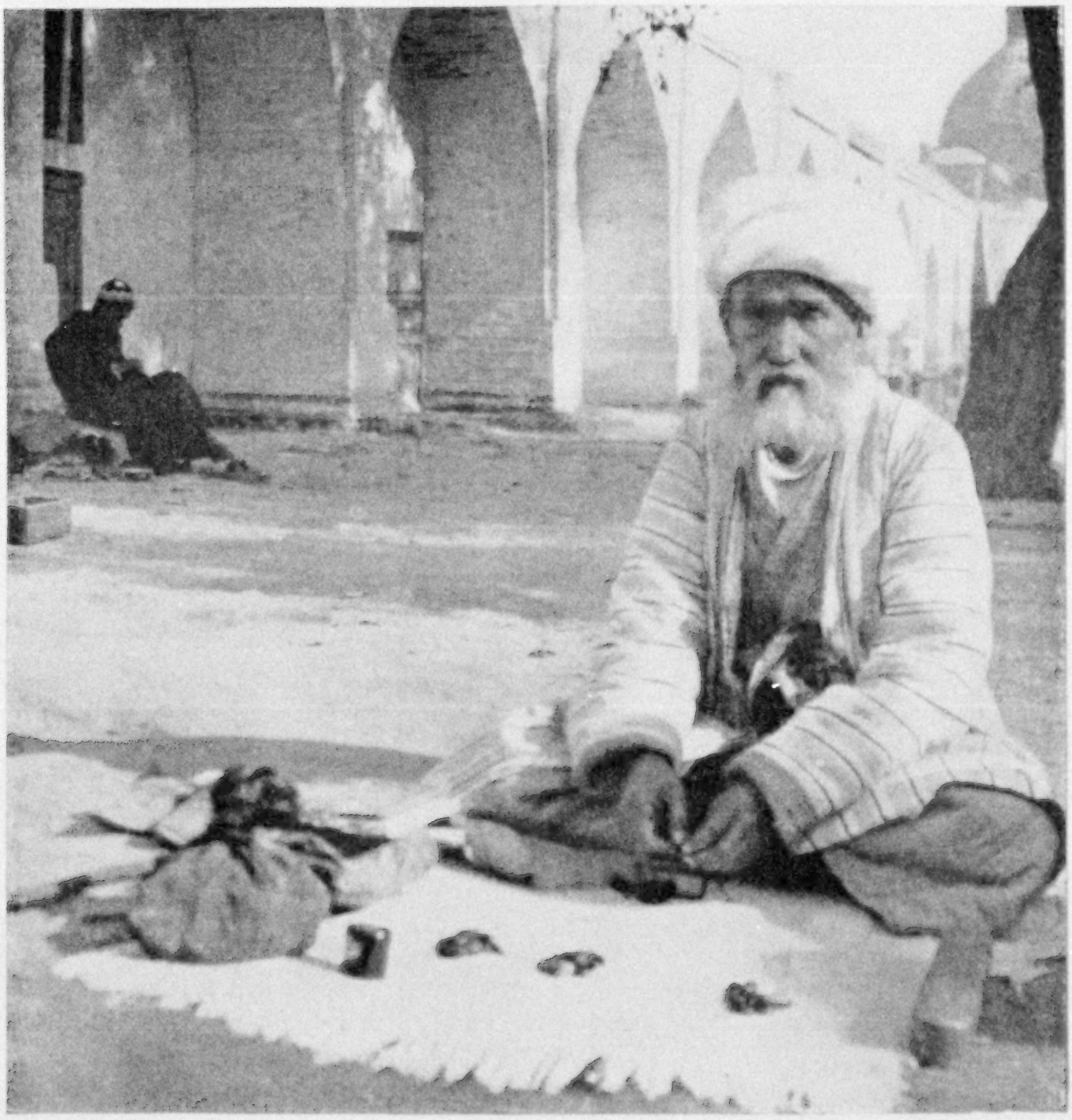


Although the American traveler in the picture is six feet five inches tall, he is overtopped by the enormous wheel of the native cart



A SQUARE IN KOKAND, FERGHANA

The owner of the high-wheeled Sart cart sits astride the horse, while his veiled wife or wives ride on the springless vehicle



Photograph by M. O. Williams

A BLIND FORTUNE-TELLER IN KOKAND

In the practice of his profession the soothsayer uses small pebbles to divine the fate of his patrons. To the left is a native cobbler at work.

countless worshipers in the Great Mosque at Delhi. It is a long, long trail. Timur traveled it to his tomb.

### THE STORY OF BAKU

How Russia's collapse will affect the tribes of Turkestan cannot be foreseen. But the outstanding event in the whole Turanian field is the landing of the British at Baku—the city of fire and blood. Baku is more cosmopolitan than Bokhara, for Bokhara is only cosmopolitan in an Asiatic sense, while Baku contains European influences and inhabitants as well.

From one end to the other, the Caucasus is a vast mine of copper, iron, tin, zinc, and other metals. In the lovely Alazan Valley of Kakhetia some of the world's finest wine is grown, and the North Caucasus is a granary where American agricultural machinery has reaped rich harvests; but at the east end of the Caucasus it is oil that has made modern history and made Baku a familiar

Photograph by M. O. Williams

A CAMEL DRIVER OF SAMARKAND AT THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

To the north of the land where Omar sang, the wine is perhaps just as red, and this son of the desert on his camel's back seems homeward bound after a plunge into metropolitan delights. Ruefully counting his remaining coins with unsteady hands, his turban in disarray on his dizzy head, he could have been lighted on his way by the twentieth century arc lamps at the corner of the fourteenth century Mosque of Bibi-Khannum in the background.

Scale: 320 miles to 1 inch

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WHERE RUSSIA'S ORPHAN RACES RESIDE

name among business men the world over.

Baku is well built in spots and is tremendously wealthy; but it lacks the distinction of a city that has grown gracefully. It savors of the *nouveaux riches* and the boom town still, at a time when it is already declining as an oil-production center, with Grozny and Maikop rising to wrest its laurels from the oil port on the Caspian.

The political situation at Baku has always been delicately balanced, and in 1905, in February and September, it was a scene of brutality and massacre, to which was added the terrible spectacle of the burning oil fields—a present-day possibility. Combining as it does the ancient and the modern, the Oriental and the Occidental, the Moslem and the Christian, the Turanian, the Armenian and the Slav, with liberal mixtures of Kazan Tatars, Lesghians, Georgians, and Persians, Baku is the key to the political situation in Transcaucasia. A strong hand is needed to control the situation, and the British are just the ones to supply the needed morale.

One can only appreciate the importance of the British landing, simultaneously with Allied successes on the western front, by understanding something of the psychology of the peoples occupying the region.

Expediency rather than principle actuates all of them with the exception of the Armenians. And expediency urges something different with Allied victories in France and a British force at Baku than it did last March, when I was in Baku, when the news of the great Allied defeat on the western front was being given wide publicity by German agents, when the British Military Mission was removed from the train at Elizabetpol as they were trying to leave Tiflis, and when English officers in Baku were obeying the orders of the Tatars not to wear their military uniform.

To no one did the news of the British landing at Baku come with more surprise than to me, because I left there in April, and at that time German propaganda was alarmingly potent throughout Transcaucasia and north Persia. I was only one of about fifty Americans and British who were ordered to leave Tiflis March 23, and who saw the fighting in Baku from March 31 to April 2. But the whole outlook then was extremely pessimistic.

The very fact that even a small party of British are there now is significant, for had they come when I was there I doubt whether they would have been allowed to land.

### JOINING THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS

From Baku we chartered a steamer to Astrakhan, and thus opened the Volga season, and in Astrakhan I left my American and English friends and went on into Russia alone, back over the route I had traveled nine months before, until I came to Samara and joined the Czecho-Slovak expeditionary force.

Every one who knows those true patriots respects them, and every American who knew them loved them as brothers in a world struggle to prevent Russia's subject peoples from becoming slaves of the Kaiser, as these varied races were once slaves of the Tsar.

## WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE FOR BRITAIN

By Judson C. Welliver

IT IS well-nigh two years since Mr. Sidney Brooks told in the National Geographic Magazine "What Great Britain Is Doing" in the war. His article was an eloquent plea to Americans to realize the part his country was playing in civilization's crisis; and there was need for it.

At that time I was in England. America's declaration of war was only a few weeks ahead, but its imminence was not generally realized either there or here. Probably, save when the two countries have been at war, and during some trying months of our Civil War era, there never has been a time when misunder-

standing was more acute, on both sides, between the English-speaking countries.

Even the best-informed Americans had but inadequate conception of the burden Britain was carrying. Prejudice was rife in this country, and was sedulously cultivated in many quarters and by divers interests. On the other hand, opinion in Britain was settling down to conviction that America would stand any humiliation, submit to any insult, rather than fight.

Britain had without hesitation entered a war to which the enemy had not challenged her, because she believed she was doing right. She wanted the moral support, and she sorely needed the material aid, that the great daughter State could bring. Why was America so slow to see and understand? Were we indeed as sordid and selfish as the Anglophobes among us were wont to charge Britain with being? Were we merely a race of profiteers?

### BRITAIN'S MORAL LEADERSHIP

Today, with our millions of soldiers and billions of wealth fighting alongside Britain's, we may remind ourselves of those trying months, and the reminder must make us grateful that things are as they are. It would be alike futile and foolish to ask how long our aloofness might have continued without creating incurable distrust between the two Anglo-Saxon nations and bringing disaster to the world.

For that she furnished the moral leadership, the instant courage, the true perception of underlying issues, Britain is entitled to recognition as the force which made this war, from its first gun, essentially a contest between systems rather than States; between ideals, not alliances; between good morals and bad morals.

It was the confidence of the nations, small and great, near and far, in this moral leadership of Britain that saved the world. That confidence nerved Belgium to bare her breast to the first blow, to meet the first shock of invasion with all she could summon, and to stay it for a little time while the forces of civilization could make their initial rally. That confidence brought Portugal, oldest of England's allies, into the field.

It brought Japan, newest and most powerful of Britain's allies, with shining armor and well-tried sword, into the arena as sentinel of the eastern gateways, guardian over the peace of the East, too long and insidiously tempted by the plotters of Berlin.

It brought the colonies and dominions of the world-flung Empire straightway to "shoulder arms" at the foot of Britain's democratic throne, bearing their yet unsought pledges of loyalty and devotion. The princes of India, the Boers of Africa, the men of Canada and Australia, the Maoris of New Zealand, trooped unbidden to their places in the ranks.

Yet the wealth and resources of the Empire—in men, money, and industry—were not the greatest of Britain's contributions. More potent than these was the fund of moral credit enlisted in the cause on the day when Britain gave it her endorsement. The scales of prejudice fell from a thousand million eyes in that hour when men envisaged the contrast between autocracy, prepared, and democracy, inspired.

### BRITAIN SAVED HER DEMOCRACY

What has the war done *in* Britain, *to* Britain, *for* Britain, and *through* Britain, for the world?

First of all, it has saved Britain for democracy; it has reincarnated, in a new Britain, the spirit of democracy, the love of freedom, the devotion to fair play and substantial justice that for a thousand years have made Britain the leader of civilization. Other peoples may have at times displayed equal zeal in behalf of human rights and equality, but what one has been able to temper and direct these fine aspirations as they have been directed by the genius of the British race for political and institutional construction?

Before the war the world heard much about British decadence. Your true Britisher has an almost morbid tendency to misgiving about the state of the national soul. He is pretty positive, when affairs wear a favorable aspect, that there is something radically wrong just underneath; and when they look thoroughly bad, that they are really much worse.

The Britisher's passion for self-deprecation is only equaled by the German's

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THE FATHER OF SIX OFFICERS IN THE BRITISH ARMY GIVEN THE FREEDOM OF HIS NATIVE CITY

The recipient of this unique honor, bestowed by the city of Peterborough, England, was Dr. Thomas James Walker, on the occasion of his 80th birthday. He has 13 children, and six of his nine sons hold commissions in the British army. Dr. Walker is seen on the mayor's right. In America, Governor and Mrs. Manning, of South Carolina, offer a striking analogy to this Britisher's contribution to the war; they have also given six sons to the service of their country.

for self-glorification. It is as hard for an Englishman to discern anything quite right in England as for a German to descry anything at all wrong in Germany. The German plumed himself on his ability year by year to increase his sales in England; but it never occurred to the Englishman to congratulate himself on the fact that, year by year, he somehow had more money with which to buy them. If a group of amiable spirits sat over their beer in a Berlin café till after midnight and their converse took on a slightly alcoholic fervor, the German capital was forthwith described as developing a "night life," becoming tremendously gay, and threatening to outshine Paris in the attributes of true cosmopolitanism.

But if the like happened in London, Britain shook its solemn head, decided that the national morals were going hopelessly bad, and regretfully realized that the social fabric was on the point of disintegration. The rest of the world fell into the easy habit of accepting the self-imposed verdict in each case, and ultimately indulged a good deal of unwarranted admiration for the amazing progress of Germany and unjustified worry about the confessed degeneracy of England.

### AN AGE-OLD CONTEST

In a thousand other ways the two countries were as unlike as in this lack of capacity for accurate self-appraisement. There was plenty of room in the sun for both. The world needed all of the best that both could give. They ought never even to have imagined that they were sufficiently alike to be capable of intense rivalry.

And they never would have developed such an obsession but for the political institutions which made it possible for Germany to be brought under the control of a wicked, selfish, designing, criminal dynastic policy of world conquest. The contest between autocracy and democracy has been going on through all the ages. Because England and Germany were on the whole the foremost European representatives of the antagonistic systems, clash between them was inevitable.

Two short centuries had seen European civilization spread its sway over most of the world. Everywhere this outreaching carried the conflict. The world could not exist half slave and half free.

Under the spell of German egomania it was falling into a disposition to overestimate certain undeniable advantages of close-knit, strong organization, and to exaggerate the equally obvious disadvantages of that laxity and carelessness which tend to propagate when democracy rules and times are good.

At the price of those sops which autocratic Germany tossed to the proletarian Cerberus, the world might have been bribed to exchange freedom for a mess of welfare pottage. It is good that the contest came as early as it did.

### BRITAIN SPIRITUALIZED BY THE WAR

Discussing war and after-war problems in a London club one day, an American observed:

"This war will be followed by a revolution." An Englishman in the party quietly retorted:

"This war *is* a revolution. Just look around you."

He was right. It is trite, but it is true, that Britain has been spiritualized by the war. The British democracy is no longer merely a political and institutional democracy. It is a human democracy. The social caste system and the pound sterling have been overthrown as rulers. Truth to tell, England was never so caste-bound or money-ridden as popular belief, there and elsewhere, pictured it. But it loved its traditions, and this was among the most sacred.

The ordeal of war has made Britain know that humanity is the most precious thing in the world. No man could give more than his life; no man could give anything comparable to his life; and when all men willingly offered that last sacrifice, they could only offer it for a common ideal which must be the highest possible ideal—for humanity.

The rich man discovered that his wealth was dross, the titled person that his title was tinsel; the great common denominator among them all became human life and human souls.

Neither Magna Charta nor the old English revolution meant any such stir-

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ring in the depths of the British soul as this has meant, for this has come in a time and to a people alive with social consciousness.

Britain, giving its all for freedom, has taken time to ask what it means by freedom, and has adopted some new definitions. Freedom is not again to mean the liberty of the few to live in palaces and the many to live in hovels; of the many to pay with their toil for what the few consume at their ease. No, this is not Bolshevism. An ignorant peasantry might translate it into Bolshevism, but the English nation is translating it into terms of social and industrial democracy.

If this be socialism, make the most of it. The Englishman, even the Englishman who a little time ago would have been called a Tory (though today he is apt to be the most liberal of his race), prefers to call it socialization. His notions about it are intensely practical. For example:

### HOW BRITAIN SOLVED THE MILK SHORTAGE

Before the war had even approached its climax, Britain discovered that it faced a shortage, among other things, of milk. The government guaranteed very high prices to induce production; but the sacrifice of herds, plowing up of grass lands, and deficiency of labor rendered stimulative efforts futile. There was not enough milk to go round in the old, easy way, and administration stepped in to insure first against profiteering and second that those who most needed it should have their share of the milk.

Observe the results. Some months ago the British Medical Association discussed some remarkable vital statistics. It found that for the last preceding year the death rate among infants under five years old had been about one-half the rate in prewar times. It was a phenomenon beyond the comprehension of anything but common sense. The medical authorities applied that test and issued their verdict.

For the first time in the modern history of Britain there had been milk enough for all the babies, and good milk.

But if the adult patron of a public eating-house buys and drinks a glass of milk as a beverage, he is liable to a fine of five pounds, and the proprietor subjects himself to a like penalty.

If anybody imagines that hereafter Britain will return to the customs of "the good old days," when for want of milk twice as many British babies enjoyed the privilege of dying, he is far from understanding what is going on in the English public mind today.

### GOUT AND HUNGER ALIKE BANISHED IN BRITAIN

Britain, sending its merchant fleet through all the danger zones, transporting soldiers, munitions, supplies, keeping the blood circulating in the arteries of the commercial world, has lived month after month fairly on the brink of starvation; yet rationing has been for the greater part voluntary, accomplished through the coöperation of a willing public with a patient food administration.

Never in Britain's history have so many people been amply fed; never have so few been hungry. Never, it may be added, has the population enjoyed so nearly unanimous immunity from those aristocratic digestive ailments which constitute the penalty of eating not wisely but too well. A search warrant would hardly find a dozen respectable cases of gout in the entire Kingdom.

Armies of people in Britain are for the first time wearing their old clothes, and glad to do it; other armies are for the first time wearing good clothes, and equally pleased. We have heard quite too much about the extravagances of the munitionettes who buy Astrakhan furs and impossible jewelry. After all, people associate more, and more intimately, with their clothes than with any other incident of life.

To be decently clad is the first essential to self-respect. Other and more exalted tastes are presently induced. The factory girl who begins with dressing like a lady presently finds herself disposed to *be* a lady.

And the community is making arrangements accordingly. In recognition of her services in shops and factories, in offices and on the farm, manufacturing explosives at Gretna and doing the work of tens of thousands of men just behind the firing lines in France, woman has been

A LARGE BRITISH TROOPSHIP IN DURBAN HARBOR

Photographs from W. B. Wilson

BRITISH IMPERIAL TROOPS IN THE STREETS OF DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA

Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the British Admiralty, is sponsor for the statement that since the beginning of the conflict the British navy has escorted overseas to and from all theaters of war some 16,000,000 men belonging to the armies of the British Empire, and the loss has been one-thousandth part of a man per hundred carried, from all causes—marine risks or enemy action.



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Photograph by Paul Thompson

GOOD NEWS FROM THE FRONT, TO WHICH THEY MAY NOT RETURN

These wounded soldiers on the steps of a London hospital have recovered sufficiently to be sent to a convalescent home, for which they are to leave in a few days

given the ballot. The monarchic democracy of England has reached the goal of universal suffrage several laps ahead of America.

### TWO HISTORIC SESSIONS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

The organization—it can hardly be called a system—for public education in Britain is notoriously inadequate. Many people knew that before the war, and the war's shock aroused the nation to action. I have sat through two absorbingly interesting sessions of the House of Commons. One was on a day of political crisis, when some innocent souls thought Mr. Lloyd-George was in danger of being driven from power, and when, with the eyes of the world focused on Westminster, with the benches and galleries of the Commons packed, the Prime Minister in a great speech drove his enemies from the field in utter rout. The other was on the day when Mr. Fisher, Minister for Education, presented and explained in much detail an ambitious but dry-as-dust program for educational reforms.

The one occasion saw a tremendously dramatic political spectacle; the other, a three hours' explanation of a complex piece of constructive legislation. Yet I am not sure that Mr. Lloyd-George's was the greater triumph. To a House of Commons that had already voted away something like a quarter of the national wealth in war appropriations, Mr. Fisher calmly made his demand for $75,000,000 to inaugurate a complete new educational organization — and was enthusiastically applauded!

### ONE OF THE MOST COMPLETE EDUCATIONAL SCHEMES EVER DEVISED

That applause was the testimony that Britain intended to help the munition girl who aspires to *be* more like a lady; to help the farm boy who, while digging trenches in Flanders, has learned to see

Photograph from American Red Cross

A GROUP OF WOUNDED AMERICAN SOLDIERS WHO HAVE BEEN SENT TO ENGLAND TO REGAIN THEIR HEALTH AND STRENGTH

The scene is the lawn of Dartford Hospital, near London. Mrs. Walter Hines Page, wife of the former American Ambassador, is seen dispensing flowers and cheerfulness among the boys who have been sent from the front to recuperate in England.

life with a wider vision than when plowing furrows in Kent.

Like every other British reform, the educational act carefully utilizes the long-laid foundations, avoids unnecessary shock to tradition, saves and builds upon whatever has been found good. It has since become a law, and for its coördination of all grades from kindergarten to university, for its plans to make education compulsory, practical, and cultural; for its guarantees of the full measure of educational opportunity that every type of adolescent mind may justify, it seems fairly to justify the verdict of some educators, that it is the most complete and satisfactory educational scheme ever devised for any nation.

If space would permit, a digest of this measure, which combines a scheme of universal education with new and necessary restrictions on child labor, would give an excellent idea of how the British have managed, while meeting the demands showered on them by a warring world, to find time for constructive reforms.

Here in America a few people have just begun to study the amazing data about illiteracy, our 11,000,000 alien residents, use of foreign languages in great communities, and the physical degeneracy of great classes, which have been made available through the working of the universal military service act. Britain has studied its corresponding data, and has taken measures to end disgraceful conditions.

Foreseeing the myriad problems of after the war, they have set up in Britain a Ministry of Reconstruction, headed by Dr. Charles Addison, which has produced a great mass of illuminating studies in existing conditions, with plans for their

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Photograph by Paul Thompson

ON PARADE WITH THEIR SCHOOL BOOKS

Officers of the Edinburgh Officers' Training Camp, from Highland regiments, on parade with their school books. The young officers have 17 different books on military work to master in the course of each month's training.

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Photograph by Paul Thompson

BRITISH SOLDIERS FROM THE FRONT ON CHRISTMAS LEAVE

"Some of the lucky ones." The arrival at Waterloo station of soldiers loaded with presents and bunches of holly and mistletoe.

IN PEACE TIMES THEY MADE ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS: NOW THEY ARE FRUIT HARVESTERS

And judging from their jovial expressions, the useful occupation has its own reward in high spirits and excellent health as well as in the satisfaction of giving their best efforts to their country. There are nearly 5,000,000 women at work in England today, and of these a million and a half have directly replaced men.

reform. It is calculated that 1,000,000 new houses must be provided as fast as possible after the war. Very well; municipalities will build them, using their own credit, backed by the national government's. The government has set a splendid example of how to improve housing and sanitary conditions wherever it has built for war workers.

Out of the United Kingdom alone, with its 46,000,000 population, have been drawn 6,000,000 men for military and naval service; 1,250,000 have come from the dominions and colonies and 1,150,000 more from India.

### A MILLION BRITISH LIVES GIVEN TO THE CAUSE

A million British lives, it was recently stated, have been given to the cause; yet this sacrifice will only slightly affect the Kingdom's population, because improved living conditions of the civil population have effected so great a compensatory saving of life at home.

Only recently has the birth rate been appreciably depressed, while the saving of infant and adult lives has been astonishing. With all its boasted efficiency and talent for organization, I venture to say that Germany has been outstripped in these regards by war-time Britain.

Alongside the military mobilization that produced the gigantic British army and approximately doubled the navy has gone a civil reorganization that has made it possible not only to create and continuously expand the war industries, but to keep alive the world commerce by which the nation lives. In bulk the exports of Britain have indeed greatly decreased; in value they have been amazingly maintained; which means support of British credit throughout the world.

And not only have the exports maintained British credit and upheld the pound sterling; they have been so directed and handled as to lay a foundation for British trade after the war, whereon will rise a structure that will be more than ever the despair of German competition.

Although America has gathered in half the world's monetary gold, we have not borne the sole responsibility of directing the war's finances. In truth, we have loaned money to the world, while Britain has both loaned money to it and—far more important—financed it. British credit and world-reaching banking organization have accomplished amazing results with bills of lading and commercial acceptances that we are just beginning to realize.

### CARRYING HUMANITY'S BURDEN

On the afternoon of the coldest day of the bitter winter of 1916-17 I landed in London, after shivering through the ride from Liverpool. A robust Jehuess hoisted our bags atop her taxi and drove us to a hotel where we got quarters. That night we were refused coal for the grate in our room; there was no coal save for invalids.

But that same week a convoy of vessels laden to the last pound with coal for suffering Norway had cleared from a British port and been safely escorted by British destroyers and cruisers to its northern destination. That awful winter Britain did without coal in order that Scandinavia, France, and Italy might have it. Britain—that is, except the munition works; they must have their allotment, because the armies of Britain and her allies must be equipped.

All the way through, it has been for Britain to carry burdens, supply deficiencies, provide means, perform the tasks that were neither spectacular nor heroic. The British navy, working almost in secret, has been the backbone of the Entente cause. Without it the war would have ended, as Germany planned, before the close of 1914. Germany was throttled from the beginning by a fleet whose very location, in the far northern Orkneys, was not known to the world till months after Germany was sealed tight.

It was for Britain to send the heroic first army that died in the first hundred days—but saved the Channel coast. England must needs provide the hopeless expedition to relieve Antwerp—a maneuver that failed in its immediate purpose, but saved Belgium to the Entente.

Britain bore the horror of Gallipoli without wincing. When the hour came for the tables to turn, when glory and victory were at length among the possi-

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A BATTALION OF W. A. A. C.'S ENJOYING A REST ON THE GYMNASIUM GROUNDS AT ALDERSHOT

They are awaiting the arrival of King George and Queen Mary. His Majesty on this occasion is to decorate heroes of the British army and navy.

bilities, Britain, in the interest of unity and efficiency, placed her army under a French commander-in-chief and never afterward questioned his management of the struggle.

### NOT A MILITARY COUNTRY

Britain was not a military country. Its facilities for producing the necessaries of war were hopelessly inadequate to such a contest; they had to be created; and while handling a sea campaign that might well have been esteemed her full share, providing ships and money and supplies, she built the organization for producing munitions on a scale never attempted before.

Even now, how many people know that the Vickers-Maxim establishments in England employ more people than all the Krupp works? Who realizes what it means for the British navy and transport service to have transported overseas 16,000,000 soldiers, first and last, with losses almost negligible?

Take the air service. It required the creation, absolutely, of an immense industry—so big, in fact, that in its ramifications it was said a year ago to be the greatest single war industry in the country. It requires 30,000 aëroplanes a year to keep 1,000 at work constantly on the fighting lines, so great is the wastage. England has been accomplishing more than this; unostentatiously but effectively, she shouldered this along with the other burdens.

And, doing all this, Britain still had industrial resources that enabled her to aid America in providing hundreds of thousands of uniforms for our soldiers before our own sources of supply and machinery of production were fully organized.

There is an incident which I have always thought peculiarly illustrates the sort of services Britain has been rendering all along. During 1917 tonnage became so scarce that new restrictions were put on imports and oranges were barred. They came mainly from Spain, and a huge uproar was raised in that country. At length—so the story went in London at the time—Spain delivered an ultimatum: unless her oranges were taken, she would not let her iron ore go!

Italy and France must have iron ore from Spain or the war might as well be stopped. So Britain quietly lifted the embargo on oranges, and somehow scraped up the shipping to bring the oranges, and also to deliver the ore to France and Italy.

### WHAT BRITISH WOMEN HAVE DONE

Everybody knows how British women have taken the places of the men in industry, but nobody who has not seen can understand. At Sheffield we saw a gun being turned into shape, so big that we were pledged not to publish its caliber lest the enemy learn too much, and women were operating the giant lathe.

At Gretna Green were near 40,000 people in one plant making high explosives, and about seven-eighths of them were women and girls.

On the Clyde we found mile after mile of shipways lining that pathetically little stream that is the headquarters of the world's shipbuilding industry, and women and men worked side by side on the scaffolds, at bolting and riveting, forging and casting, as if they had always done it.

In a great foundry where casings for the big naval shells were cast, we found the floor filled with women in overalls and oil-cloth caps, doing practically all the work.

At Birmingham, where the cartridges for rifles and machine-guns are made by millions, women were operating the machines, with hardly a man in sight. Outside, at the shipping warehouses, we saw the boxes with labels stenciled on them, ready for shipment. They were going to France, Italy, Saloniki, Mesopotamia, South Africa, Russia, the South Seas—everywhere that Britain and the allies were fighting.

What about these women, now habited to their place in industry, to the self-respecting sensation of doing their part in the world's work, to earning good wages and being independent? Will they willingly give up their places to the men after the war? The question is asked constantly. I am going to attempt an answer, based on what I have learned of the British national ambition and the British woman's conception of her relation to it.

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Britain has the idea that this world has seen the last of over-production. It has become convinced that the real difficulty that gets things out of economic kelter is under-consumption. So it proposes that the ladies shall keep on working, the men shall join them, and arrangements shall be made for such a distribution of their joint product that there will be no over-production!

### THE LESSON OF CONSUMPTION

The greatest lesson the British people have learned from the war is this of consumption. They have acquired the habit of being steadily employed at good wages. They have learned how to spend their money carefully, sanely, thriftily. They have learned to save; the bond-selling campaigns have taught that. Thrift came from ebriety, serious-mindedness, and the necessity of stretching all supplies to make them go round. Money ceased to mean so much when one, though he had a bushel of bank notes, wasn't allowed to spend more than "one-and-thrippence" for afternoon tea, with other meals in proportion.

London is full of great houses vacant. Income taxes have done part of it, the fuel controller much. Who wants a 40-room house when the coal administration allows only fuel to heat seven rooms, and when servants cannot be had at any wage? So the great places stand empty, while there is a scarcity of middle-class houses; palaces are too expensive, hovels no longer good enough.

The leveling-up-and-down process is actually happening, and England as a whole likes it. Lincoln said, "God must have loved the common people, for he made so many of them." As for England, the war filled them with the conviction that they are *the* people, and the government gave them all—men and women—the ballot.

### THE FUTURE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

The minority that doesn't like the new order will have no power of veto. The House of Lords is far advanced on the way to a reorganization that will make it almost another United States Senate—elective and without hereditary right to seats. A parliamentary commission has reported the plan, and it is nearer adoption than woman suffrage seemed on the day war broke out.

After that will come adaptation of the federal system to the kingdom. Premonitory rumblings in public thought are telling of it. There will be legislatures, like those of our American States, for Scotland, Wales, metropolitan London; probably two for Ireland; one and perhaps more for England outside London; and all these States will be represented in the Westminster Parliament as ours are in the Congress at Washington.

Perhaps the Dominions will at length send their delegates there, too; if not, some sort of truly imperial parliament will make place for them and for closer political union of members that the war has drawn into a new spiritual community.

### A BETTER RACE OF BRITISHERS

A better race of British men and women will come out of this war. Notwithstanding the physical misfortune to the race of having so many of its best men killed or maimed, Britain will gain vastly more than it will lose through the training, discipline, and physical improvement of its manhood; through teaching reliance, self-respect, realities, true values. The world will gain greatly by a renaissance in Britain of the spirit that made Britishers its pioneers, colonizers, civilizers, administrators. And that renaissance has been achieved.

There will be a movement of Englishmen to the distant quarters of the world; but enough will remain at home to build the motherland to a greater and better position.

Misgivings about Britain sinking to second rate among the powers are at any rate some centuries premature. The tight little island will continue "the powerhouse of the line." It will be developed as never before. It has found itself anew. There is today a perfect mania for efficiency, quantity production, elimination of lost motion, suppression of waste.

One thing that Britain has done during the war will have an effect on the national life not yet to be measured, but certainly far-reaching. That is the rehabilitation of agriculture. In 1918, we

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MOTOR DRIVERS OF THE BRITISH WOMEN'S LEGION

The organization to which these war workers belong is similar to the American Women's Motor Corps. They are attached to the Canadian Forestry Corps and are stationed at Windsor Park. Their log huts have been built by the women foresters.

are told, the country has produced foodstuffs enough to feed it for 40 of the 52 weeks. Nothing like that has been done for half a century. It is one of many instances of accomplishing the impossible. Sacred parks and beloved areas of grass lands have been sacrificed; but the food was produced, because there were no ships in which to import it.

Not again will Britain permit itself to be dependent for its daily bread on the uncertainties of importation. Agriculture is become a chief object of national solicitude, and will remain so. The 1918 achievement would not have been so striking in normal conditions as to labor, animals, implements, fertilization, and the like; but in the circumstances of its accomplishment it is one of the war's wonders.

Britain has learned anew what a great agricultural industry means; has learned that the land is for use first, ornament afterward. Taxes on incomes, rates on the broad acres of manorial estates, are solving the land question. The great holdings are being disintegrated at a rate of which Americans have little conception.

Single proprietors have sold at auction hundreds of farms. In one case a nobleman specified that tenants should have preference, and practically all his holdings went to them. Some of the lands had been in his family 600 years, and some of the farms had been held by the same families of tenants for 300; but never had there been, till this sale, the thought of possible ownership.

If this disintegration of land holdings does not proceed fast enough to satisfy the public desire, it will be accelerated by application of further taxation measures which the people have in mind. Mr. Lloyd-George, apropos certain budgetary reforms that when enacted, did not es-

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Photograph by Paul Thompson

A WAR-TIME SHEPHERDESS IN THE PLEASANT HILLS OF SURREY

"Britain has learned anew what a great agricultural industry means; has learned that the land is for use first, ornament afterward. Taxes on incomes, rates on the broad acres of manorial estates, are solving the land question."

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THE LUMBERJACK YIELDS HIS OCCUPATION TO THE LUMBERJANE IN BRITAIN UNTIL THE WAR IS OVER

These sturdy young women have not only learned to wield the ax and the cross-cut saw, but they load the tractors and fasten the logs in place with heavy chains

© Underwood & Underwood

UNDER 250,000 IMMENSE GLASS BELLS THIS GROUP OF WOMEN WAR WORKERS IS HELPING TO RAISE FOOD FOR GREAT BRITAIN

The scene is the Burhill Intensive Gardens, at Horsham, where, in compliance with the British Government's instructions, every available inch of space is being utilized to supply the British troops and civilian population with food. Under this sea of bells a quarter of a million heads of lettuce are cultivated.

pecially endear him to the "best people," did much to popularize the works of his American namesake, Henry George; and these two Georges will have a good deal to do with directing British policy for some time after the war.

But, though the British may become substantially self-supporting as to agriculture, they will, of course, remain primarily an industrial, commercial, maritime, and financial people. With all the drafts that war has made on its manpower, England has actually increased its iron and steel production.

### SHIPBUILDING AND WORLD COMMERCE

As to ship-building and its relation to world commerce hereafter, those kindly folk who fear the loss of British sea supremacy would do well to see the Clyde, the Tyne, and the Belfast shipbuilding districts, and to learn about the new national shipyards on Bristol Channel. After nearly four years of war, in which it had borne the lion's share of shipping losses, the British merchant marine was still able, during the critical weeks of last spring and summer, to transport 60 per cent of the first American army of two million soldiers sent across the Atlantic.

The country's industrial plant has been expanded during the war beyond all popular knowledge. Moreover, the expansion has been directed by an unwavering purpose to make the new establishments easily adaptable to peace production.

The nitro-cellulose plant at Gretna Green covers an area of nine miles by five. It requires a hundred miles of plant railways. It has been built entirely since the war began, and, as it produces nothing but high explosives, might be reasonably regarded as one industry whose product would hardly find a market in peace times.

Yet its management assured me there was every prospect that the demand for explosives in engineering work plus the market for celluloid specialties in endless variety would keep the establishment busy with merely some rather easy adaptations of its products.

### A RECONSTRUCTED COMMERCIAL WORLD

The new Ministry of Reconstruction, the Board of Trade, foreign trading houses, bankers, consular service, have coöperated throughout the world to strengthen Britain's hold on foreign markets.

In anticipation of changed conditions after peace returns, of increased credit requirements to restock the warehouses and restore the public utilities of the world, a series of great banking consolidations has taken place in England in the last year. They are part of the economic mobilization for the competitive struggle after the war.

The alien property authorities of Kingdom and Empire have been quietly tracing out and untying the bonds by which intriguing German interests had established hold on many industries, markets, financial and commercial opportunities. The German salesman who goes out to offer his wares hereafter will find himself dealing with a very much reconstructed commercial world. Whatever he may have thought of British competition prior to August, 1914, he will find it the real thing along about August, 1920.

## HOW CANADA WENT TO THE FRONT

By Hon. T. B. Macaulay, of Montreal

THE work which the United States has undertaken in connection with the war is so vast, and the spirit in which it is being carried out is so magnificent and so enthusiastic, that what we Canadians have accomplished must of necessity appear rather small in comparison.

You of the United States are to have the honor and glory of being to a large extent the deciding factor in bringing this terrible war to a happy conclusion, and of turning what might possibly have been a drawn battle into a glorious victory. The efforts which you are putting forth are the delight and admiration of your

Allies and the dismay of Germany and the Kaiser.

We Canadians are delighted at the manner in which you have taken up your task.

The story of Chateau Thierry has stirred all our hearts.

The help you have given far exceeds the men and munitions you have furnished, great and valuable though they are, for you put new heart and vigor and sureness of victory into the French and British troops, who had begun to be a little war-weary and stale after four years of struggle.

### RALLYING TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY

After four years of hostilities, it is difficult to place ourselves in thought back to the early days, when the great German military machine, which had been preparing for forty years, was crashing through Belgium and northern France.

The sky was clouded and the outlook dark; the brave men of France and Britain were being overwhelmed by superior numbers; we had few guns to answer the German artillery, and ammunition was so short that many of our guns were restricted to five rounds a day—it was at that time and under those circumstances that Canada had the privilege, on account of our British connection, of getting into the fray, and we all feel a joy and pride that we were able to do something, even though but little, to help stay the Hun in those gloomy days.

At the beginning of August, 1914, we were not only unprepared for war, but had so long breathed the atmosphere of peace, that we were unable at first to realize the importance of what had happened and the magnitude of the crisis into which the world had been plunged.

### CANADA SAW HER DUTY AS A PRIVILEGE

As to our duty, there was no doubt. From the Atlantic to the Pacific we felt that it was both our duty and our privilege to put our whole weight into the struggle, side by side with the mother country. But what were we able to do? In what way could we help?

As for military organization, we had practically none. We had 60,000 militia, but they had had little training and had taken their duties lightly. Bernhardi had said that in the event of a European war Britain's dominions and colonies could be completely ignored. As for financial help, we had been a borrowing country, and how could we begin to lend?

But our national spirit rose to the needs of the occasion. Our people quietly determined to do their best. The call went out for 25,000 volunteers to go overseas, and within a few months we had sent off not 25,000, but 33,000. Within two months of the outbreak of war some of our troops who had been hardened in South Africa were fighting in France, and within seven months even our green troops were on the field engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Huns—and holding them!

Further detachments were despatched as quickly as they could be raised and drilled, until we now have a total of over 550,000 enlistments, and will soon have 600,000, and of these about 450,000 are already in Europe. Every month is adding to the number. We have promised that we will send over not less than 500,000, and we propose to keep that promise.

### CANADA'S CONTRIBUTION OF MEN AND HER CASUALTIES

Our enlistments, including those secured under the Military Service Act, already number about one in thirteen of our population. In the same proportion the figures for the United States would be around 8,000,000, which is about the number you are preparing to raise.

We began with voluntary enlistments, but, just as in the mother country, we had to come ultimately to the draft system. You have profited by our experience, and have very wisely adopted the draft system from the beginning. We fully agree with you that this is the only right and fair method, and that it is besides vastly more efficient and more economical.

And how about the casualties? In the early days of the war, when we were short of artillery, and even of rifles, and were unprepared for poison gas, we suf-

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IN THE FLAX FIELDS OF FAIR ENGLAND

Who would not pay a premium for linen woven from the flax gathered by such capable hands and with such a winning smile!



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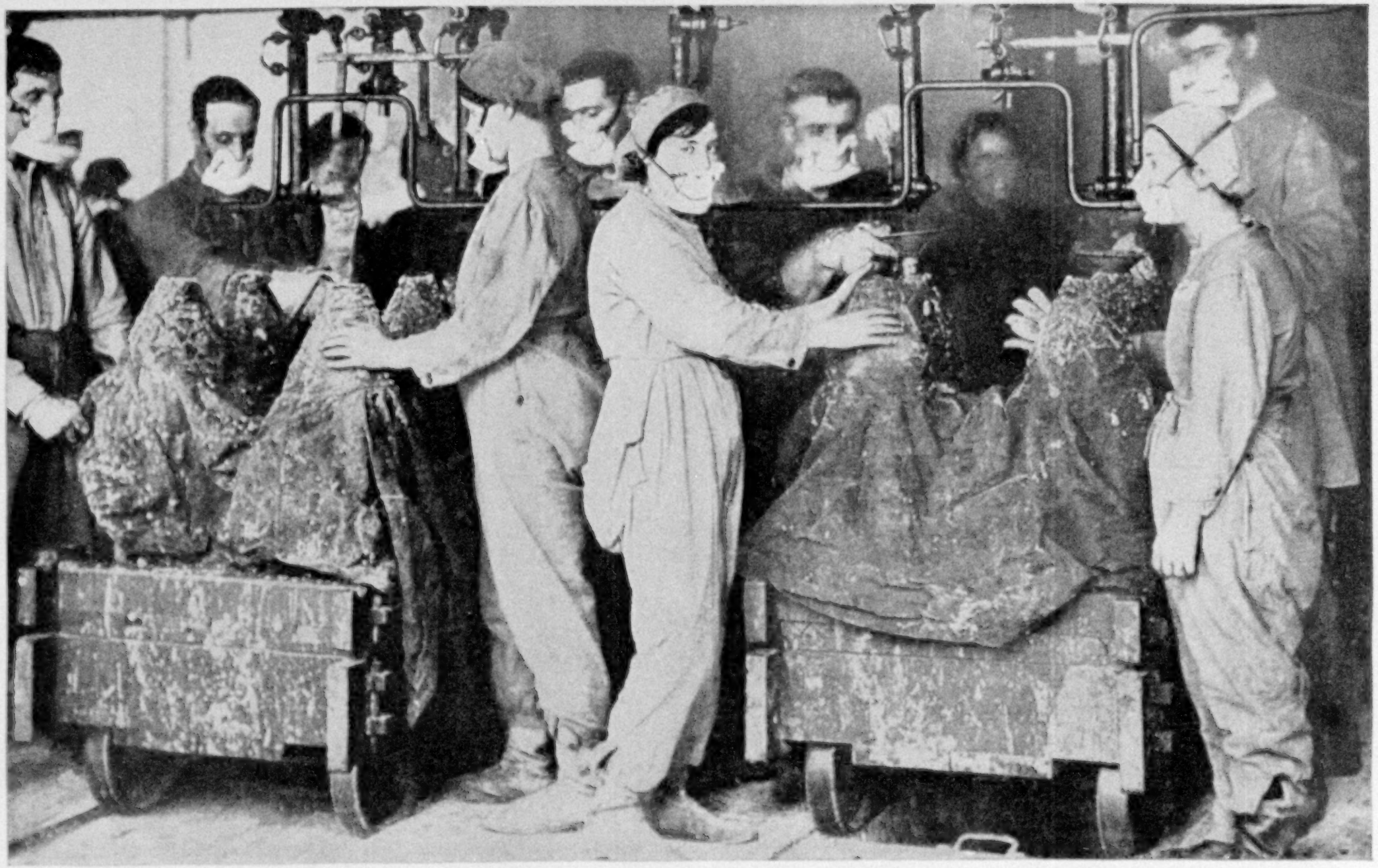

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BRITISH WAR WORKERS WEARING GAS MASKS WHILE LOADING SHELLS WITH POISONOUS CHEMICALS

The gas shell is deadly even before it is fired from a gun, and these industrious young women are required to wear gas masks while engaged in the hazardous occupation of filling the projectiles. Overalls and caps are also part of the equipment, and for the time being feminine finery is not only forsaken, but forgotten.

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fered heavily. Up to June 30 of this year we had:

| | |
|---|---|
| Killed in action | 27,040 |
| Died of wounds | 9,280 |
| Died of disease | 2,257 |
| Presumed dead | 4,342 |
| Missing—probably dead | 384 |
| Total deaths | 43,303 |

In other words, of the total number who had gone overseas up to June 30 last, 11.3 per cent were already dead.

In addition there were—

| | |
|---|---|
| Wounded | 113,007 |
| Prisoners | 2,774 |
| | 115,781 |

so that in addition to the deaths, 30.2 per cent had been wounded or made prisoners. It is a comfort to know that between 30,000 and 40,000 of the wounded were ultimately able to return to the firing line.

The total casualties were 41.5 per cent of the number who had gone overseas. But even this does not tell the full story. Most of those who had but recently gone across had, of course, not been long exposed, and the casualties were chiefly among those who had gone over early. Among them the casualties were tremendous. Those noble fellows paid a terrible price, and I can assure you that among them were many who were the very cream of the Canadian nation.*

### WHEN GERMANY LAUNCHED HER FIRST GAS ATTACK

When I think of those early days, my mind goes back to April and May, 1915, to the second battle of Ypres. It was then that the Germans made their drive for Calais and the Channel ports.

Alongside our Canadian boys were French troops from Morocco, and against them the Germans first used their devilish gas. The Moroccans broke and fled, and small wonder. Nothing remained but our Canadian boys between the Germans and Calais, and they were many times outnumbered by troops that were supported by efficient artillery.

Our lads spread out to cover the extra ground, but were driven back. Some of the Canadian guns were captured, and our Montreal Highlanders and others were determined that no Canadian guns should fall into the enemy's hands, and charged through a wood and retook them. The Germans thought that we must have heavy reserves or we would never attack in such a way, and instead of pushing through they entrenched themselves, as did our boys also, and time was gained.

In the next few days reserves were brought up and Calais was saved. It is said that a German major was taken prisoner, and as he was being led back to the rear and saw nothing where he expected to find masses of troops, he was distracted, and again and again cried, "Let me go for half an hour and Calais will be ours." But Calais was saved, and the course of the war has been different because of what our Canadian boys did that day.

Many of those who took part in that terrible struggle I knew personally. Before my eyes there rises the picture of Major Norsworthy. In his early thirties, handsome and vigorous, he had brains, sound judgment, self-reliance, and energy such as few possess, and had he lived he would certainly have been one of the most prominent financial men of Canada.

And Captain Guy Drummond, aged about 28, son of Sir George Drummond, inheritor of wealth and honored name, tall, refined, the very finest type of the high-principled gentleman. When last seen he was using his knowledge of French, trying to rally the flying Moroccans. But they, poor fellows, were past being rallied, as they fled, gasping for air, their faces blue, and with death already fastened upon them, for of those who fully inhaled that devilish poison few would survive a year of agony, and the rest would be invalids for the remainder of their lives.

But perhaps the story as told by a fine young fellow, a private, Billy Maclagan, who has often been in my own house, may bring the details home to us more closely. Billy went over with the first contingent, and is one of the few, the very, very few, who have gone through

* According to official figures issued from Ottawa on November 12, Canadian casualties, up to eleven days before the signing of the armistice, totaled 34,877 killed in action; 15,457 dead of wounds or disease; 152,779 wounded, and 8,245 presumed dead, missing in action, and prisoners of war—a total of 211,358.

the four years of struggle without a scratch. He wrote us his experiences. They were spared the worst of the gas, and put mud and spittle on their handkerchiefs and tied them on their faces. He gave us the full details of how, later on, out of the mist, flood after flood of Germans came charging on.

Our boys fired and fired until the German dead lay thick before them, and their gun barrels were red hot. And still they came on, wave after wave of gray figures. We held them, while our own numbers dwindled alarmingly. The captain went, then the lieutenant, and at last in the whole trench there remained but three—a corporal, Billy, and a drummer boy of fifteen.

The Huns paused and the three slipped out over the top and crawled back. The little drummer boy gave in under the sights he had crawled through and over, and began to shriek, covering his eyes. The big corporal grabbed him and thrust him within his own great coat, buttoning it up, so that the little fellow could see nothing, and so they continued. At last they met reinforcements, and Billy returned with them to show the way. They were even then but a handful, but the Germans did not know that and the attack was stayed.

### "NONE BUT GREEN TROOPS COULD HAVE DONE THAT"

It was a French officer, I believe, who said that no veteran troops could have done better. Then he corrected himself, "None but green troops could have done that—they did not know they were beaten; they did not know enough to retire!" The Channel ports were saved, but at what a cost!

But while we are proud of our Canadian boys, do not suppose that I claim any special superiority for them. Scotland has in the British armies about twice as large a proportion of her population as has Canada. There are glens in Scotland where not one man of military age is now living. And nothing makes our Canadian soldiers more annoyed than any claim by those at home that they are any better than the troops from Scotland and England.

We from Canada feel that we have done well, but we take off our hats to the mother country. One of the lessons we have learned from the war is to appreciate the Scotchman, the Englishman, and the Frenchman as we never did before; and we appreciate them now because we know them now.

### CANADA AND HER VICTORY LOANS

Now let us turn to finance:

We are a young and borrowing country; we have been an extravagant country, and we thought we could do little toward financing the war. At the beginning the mother country advanced money to the various dominions at the same rate as she herself had to pay, but by 1915 we began to rely on ourselves. The government issued the call for the first domestic loan. They asked for $50,000,000, and wondered if they would get it. The subscriptions came to over $113,000,000. On the strong urgency of the larger subscribers the government took $100,000,000 of this amount.

In September, 1916, they asked for $100,000,000, and we offered them $201,000,000.

Six months later, in March, 1917, they asked for $150,000,000, and we offered them $254,000,000.

In November of the same year they asked for yet another $150,000,000, and we offered them $419,000,000. For this loan the government had reserved the right to accept all subscriptions, and they did take $400,000,000.

If in 1915 a man had told us that within the next two years the people of Canada would supply the government with $750,000,000, or $100 for every man, woman, and child in the country, he would have been looked on as a wild visionary. People do not know what they can do until they really try, and we surprised ourselves.

The subscribers to our first loan numbered 24,800; to the last loan they numbered 820,000, or nearly one in nine of the population. And now our government has asked for $300,000,000 more, and I shall be surprised if the answer is not at least $500,000,000, and I imagine that they will take it all.

We shall have a heavy debt, but what of that? We shall carry it with ease, for

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WOMEN AT WORK ON MINE NETS

Not only in the actual manufacture of explosives and shells have Britain's women been bearing a large part of the burden of war, but in preparing these instruments of destruction for immediate use. This group of war workers is engaged in wiring floats for mines.

we are young and growing, and our shoulders are broad. Canada never was so strong or so prosperous as at this moment. The safest government bonds in the world are those of the United States and Canada, and I bracket them together as regards security.

Not merely have we raised these large amounts of government loans, but we have kept up the price of our bond issues, so that every person who bought a Canadian Victory Bond can today get for it on the spot more than it cost him. The brokerage and bond houses of the Dominion have been organized into a great committee, and whenever any bond is offered for sale it is at once resold to other purchasers.

The demand for bonds has been stimulated until it now exceeds the supply, and the market price is above the cost price. Our government can borrow this year on slightly better terms than it had to give last year. That speaks for itself for the value of the bonds and the credit and wealth of the country.

In addition to paying for the upkeep of our own troops, Canada has granted war credits to the Imperial Government of $532,000,000 with which to purchase foodstuffs, munitions, etc., in the Dominion. Our banks have loaned the Imperial Government $200,000,000 more. But despite the withdrawal for government loans, the deposits in our banks are $300,000,000 more than they were at the beginning of the war. The country never was so wealthy.

### HOW THE DOMINION TURNED TO MUNITION-MAKING

Prior to the war we lived too easy a life, and our municipalities and corporations borrowed freely in Britain. When the British markets were closed we turned to the United States. Of our

provincial and municipal securities sold in 1916, 85 per cent went to the United States. Of similar securities sold in 1917, only 2½ per cent went to the United States.

Our expenditures for war purposes have now risen to about a billion dollars. A considerable amount of this has been raised from taxes. There has been a tremendous increase in the national revenue. But the way in which this extra money has been raised and the kind of taxes which have been imposed would, I am sure, not be interesting. You know all about that sort of thing in your own country. Perhaps I had better say the details would be interesting but not very pleasant.

But more than men and money were required. There was a pressing need for munitions with which to meet the German hordes. Canada had never been a great manufacturing country. But again we surprised ourselves, for we have already supplied 60,000,000 shells, which I have no doubt have done good work. We have furnished munitions to the value of $1,000,000,000, and will soon have furnished another $200,000,000 worth.

We are helping in shipbuilding, too, for we expect to turn out this year about 500,000 tons of new shipping, about two-thirds of steel and one of wood. I understand that this will about equal one-fourth of the output of the British shipbuilding yards for the year of 1917.

In aircraft, too, we are trying to do our share. We are turning out about 350 aëroplanes per month. The total to date is about 2,500. Besides that, we are manning them.

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO MANY ACTIVITIES

But it has not been all men, money, and munitions. Our people have responded gloriously to all appeals for the relief of suffering. For our Canadian Patriotic Fund, which looks after the wives, children, and dependents of our men at the front, we have already given $44,000,000. For every two dollars the government has asked from the people it has generally been given three.

To the Red Cross the contributions have been $12,000,000 in cash and $15,000,000 in supplies. Of the cash contribution, $7,000,000 were spent by the British Red Cross and the balance by the Canadian Red Cross. According to a newspaper item which I saw the other day, Canada leads all the nations of the world in Red Cross contributions per capita.

To the Belgian Relief Fund we have contributed over $1,500,000 in cash and an equal amount in supplies, while $8,000,000 more went to French, Serbian, and Polish relief funds and numerous other charitable and patriotic associations.

For military work by the Y. M. C. A. the contributions have been $4,500,000.

In addition to the donations from the public, the Dominion and Provincial governments have given $5,250,000 for charitable work through the Imperial Government. In all, the relief contributions from Canada amount to $90,000,000, or over $12 for every man, woman, and child in the Dominion.

Our educational leaders have also organized the Khaki University for educating the men at the front and fitting them for their return to civilian life, and our government has undertaken its support. This idea has now been copied in Britain, France, and I believe even in Germany. It had birth in the brain of Dr. H. M. Tory, president of the University of Alberta. Dr. Tory has entire charge of the work on the other side.

To summarize what we have done in finance. We have paid about one billion dollars for war expenditures, and have raised $750,000,000 of this amount by domestic loans. We are asked to raise another $300,000,000 during November for further expenditures, and I feel sure we will offer $500,000,000. We have given a credit of over $500,000,000 to the Imperial Government for purchase of munitions and supplies, and our banks have given a further amount for the same purposes of $200,000,000.

We have supplied 60,000,000 shells, one billion dollars' worth of munitions, and will soon deliver $200,000,000 worth more. We will, besides, this year add 500,000 tons of shipping, and are making 350 aëroplanes per month, having already completed 2,500, and in addition to all this we have contributed $90,000,000 to relief work.

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ARMED WITH BUCKET AND PASTE-BRUSH, SHE BECOMES THE OFFICIAL TOWN BILL-POSTER AND RELEASES A MAN FOR THE ARMY

When her father answered his call to the colors, this girl of Thetford, England, carried on his work as official bill-poster and town-crier for the town council

We are a practical people, and yet a sentimental strain runs through us. We have always a soft spot, and especially for those who help us or do us a good turn. Did you ever hear of the Canadian soldier who hailed from one of our Scotch settlements? In the course of an attack Sandy was rushing forward, rifle and bayonet at the charge, when suddenly he was attacked viciously by one of his smallest enemies, who was also nearest at hand. He felt that he could not do justice to the enemy in the distance unless he first disposed of the enemy in his midst. So he paused, put his rifle in the hook of his elbow, and made a vigorous home attack.

He was successful. But just as he caught his tormentor a German shell burst in front of him, in the very spot where he would have been had he not paused. Sandy held the little thing before him, and as he looked at it he said: "Weel, ma wee mon, I canna give ye the iron cross; I canna give ye the Victoria Cross, but ye hae saved ma life. I must reward ye somehow. I'll just put ye back where ye belong." And back he went.

### TAKING A MAN'S PART IN THE GREAT STRUGGLE

For years before the war broke out, many of us knew of Germany's ambitions to rule the world, and feared that this struggle was coming. The question had to be settled whether Anglo-Saxon ideals of freedom and democracy were to prevail or the world was to be Germanized and ruled by the Kaiser.

When the future of humanity was at stake, we wanted to have some influence in the decision, and we were thankful that, as part of the British Empire, we were at war and privileged to take a man's part in this great world struggle, the greatest crisis that has come in the history of humanity for over a thousand years.

There was no compulsion on us. The Germans expected us to stay out, and simply could not understand our going in. At first we were influenced by patriotic and humanitarian reasons which we felt in a general way. But our boys soon came in contact with German brutality in a concrete way and our feelings became vastly deeper and more intense.

For instance, Lieutenant Holt, of Winnipeg, returned on leave of absence and brought with him as a souvenir a little doll. In one of those early days his regiment was forced back by the enemy through a Belgian village. He stopped at a small house to ask directions, and a little girl of about seven years ran out and gave him her dolly. She said, "Please take my dolly to a safe place." To please her he took it. Next day our men retook the village and he at once went to the cottage to see how the child had fared. He found her—lying across the threshold, dead—killed by a German bayonet. Lieutenant Holt brought back that dolly to a safe place in Canada, but your boys and our boys are now fighting that the whole world may be made a safe place for little mothers like that.

King's Staff-Sergeant James W. Smith, who has returned with his right arm shattered and shortened and the hand little better than a deformed claw, who was foreman in the W. C. White boiler works of Montreal and is now superintendent in a munition factory, told me personally that he had himself assisted in taking down some Canadian soldiers who had been crucified by the Germans nailing them to a barn door. Do you wonder that our Canadian boys were very demons in ferocity when next they attacked?

### NO SELFISH CONTEST

It is no selfish struggle in which we are engaged. Like you of the United States, we have nothing to gain. We seek no territory, no indemnity, no advantage. But, like you, we are glad and proud to be in, and glad and proud to have been of any service.

This is the brief story of some of the things that have been done. But after all, those things belong to the past; they are written in history and are now mere records and memories. Nothing that we can now do can change them, and the future, which we have the power to change, is therefore more interesting and more important. In our outlook on the future we are now, thank God, united as Allies—Allies who are working together with heart and soul.

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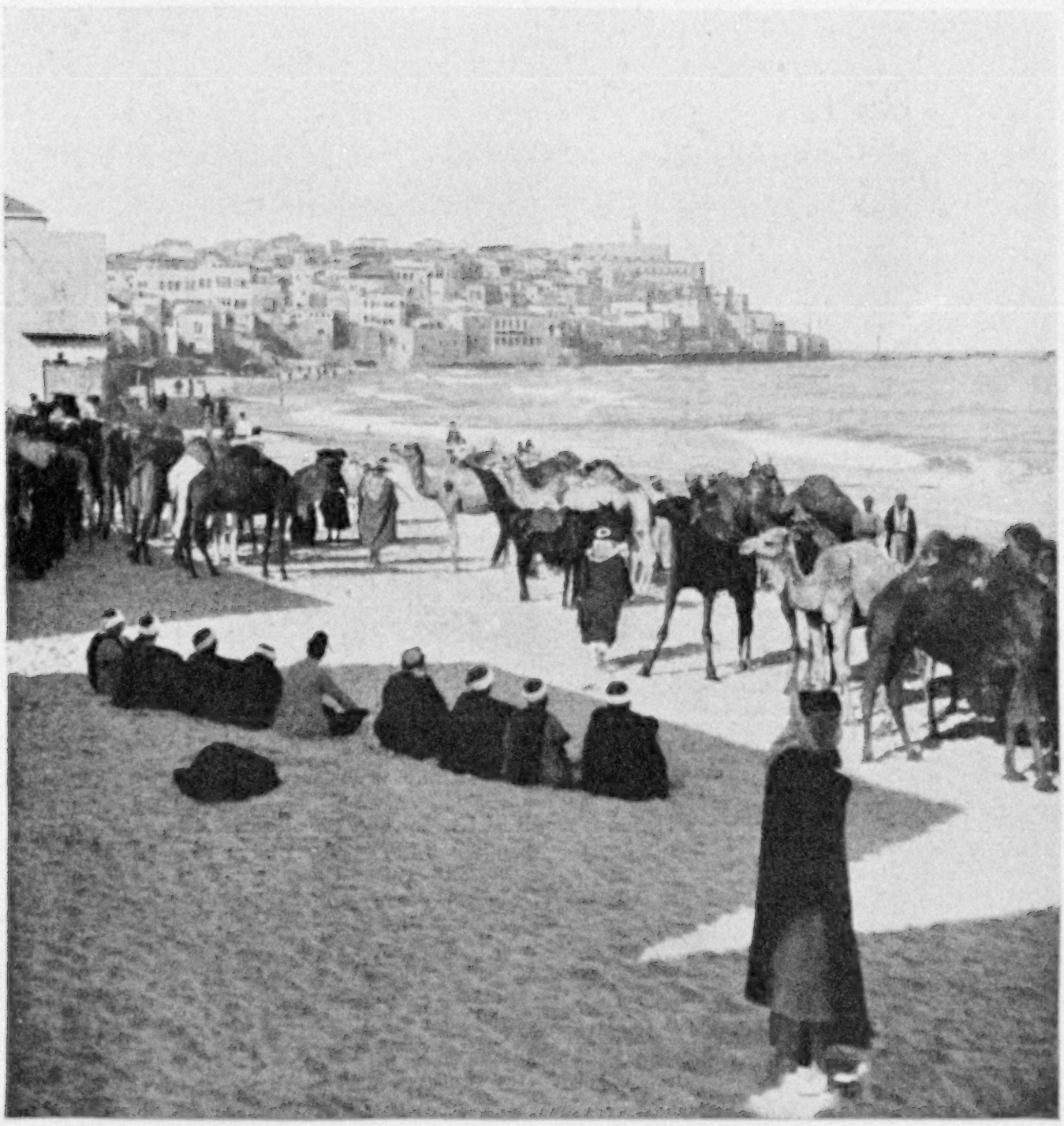

A VIEW OF JAFFA, THE ANCIENT PORT OF PALESTINE WHICH WAS USED AS A BASE OF OPERATIONS IN THE BRITISH ADVANCE UPON JERUSALEM

In the time of Solomon, Jaffa was the port of Jerusalem, and it was here that the cedar from Lebanon was landed for the construction of the Temple. In the middle ages the seaport figured in many of the crusades. Napoleon captured it in 1799, and now it has helped the Twentieth Century Crusaders of Britain to deliver the Holy Land from the Hun and the Turk (see also pages 325-344).

I should like again to express my admiration of the magnificent work which you of the United States are doing. If we in Canada can but keep pace with you, we shall be satisfied. We shall at least try.

My last word is a vision which I and other Canadians note with joy is already in the first stages of realization. I see the United States and the British Empire, the two great branches of the English-speaking world, going down through the centuries arm in arm, coöperating as brothers, each helping the other, each strengthening the other, and unitedly blessing the world and making it safe for democracy. The Germans have succeeded in unifying the Anglo-Saxon world.

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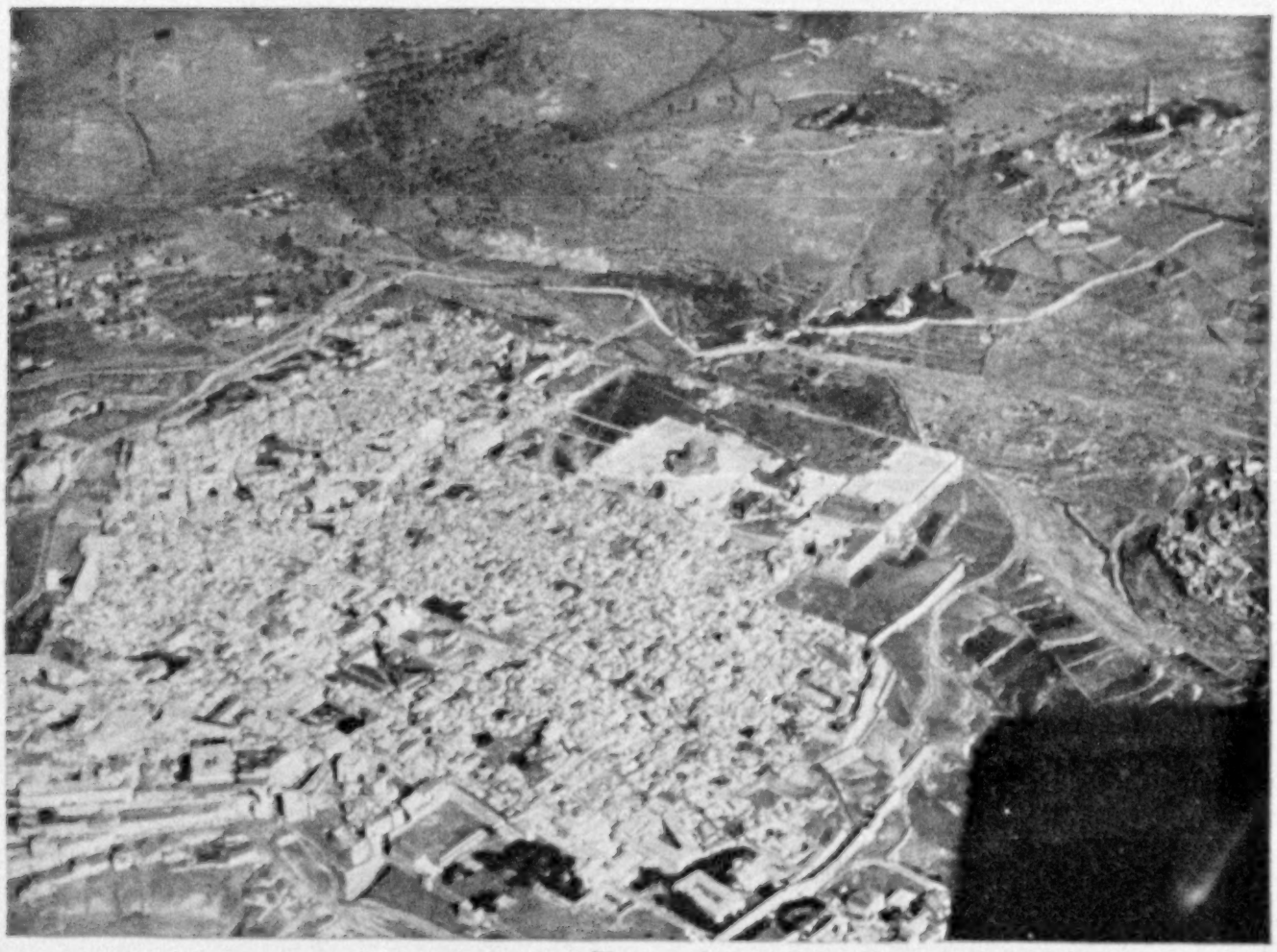


Photograph by an Australian Aviator, from C. W. Whitehair

A VIEW OF THE HOLY CITY OF JERUSALEM FROM THE SKY

The conspicuous area in the middle of this airplane photograph is the "Place of the Temple," in the center of which is the glittering Mosque of Omar, one of the richest temples in the world. Beyond is the elevation known as the Mount of Olives, crowned by the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria Hospice, in which the German Government installed a powerful wireless outfit. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre can be distinguished near the center of the city. The Garden of Gethsemane lies between the Mosque of Omar and the Mount of Olives (see also pages 325-344).

# THE HEALER OF HUMANITY'S WOUNDS

IN PEACE as in war, there is no organization more necessary for the alleviation of suffering than the American Red Cross, some of whose distinctive activities are most effectively portrayed in the exclusive photographs on pages 309-324. Now and ever the hearts of countless millions of the soldiers of every land who have survived the awful conflict of the War for Eternal Peace glow with gratitude when the Red Cross is brought to mind; their children and their children's children will remember it with the exact antithesis of the feeling inspired by thoughts of war.

Great as the Red Cross was in war, yet greater is it in peace, and its usefulness is now supreme in the months and years of restitution, rehabilitation, and reconstruction in the countries of our staunch friends, who so bravely bore the brunt of the brutal thrust which threatened the safety of the world and who held at bay the militaristic machine of the last of the Huns until the armies of democracy could gird up their loins and destroy it.

The American Red Cross needs now the support of every American more than ever before. To help in this work of relieving civilian suffering in devastated France and Belgium is the paramount privilege of every man, woman, and child in the United States. The widows, aged parents, and fatherless children of the heroes who died to stem the tide of autocratic advance require *your* assistance, through the Red Cross, in regaining their equilibrium to face the problems of the future.

AN ADOPTED SON OF AMERICA

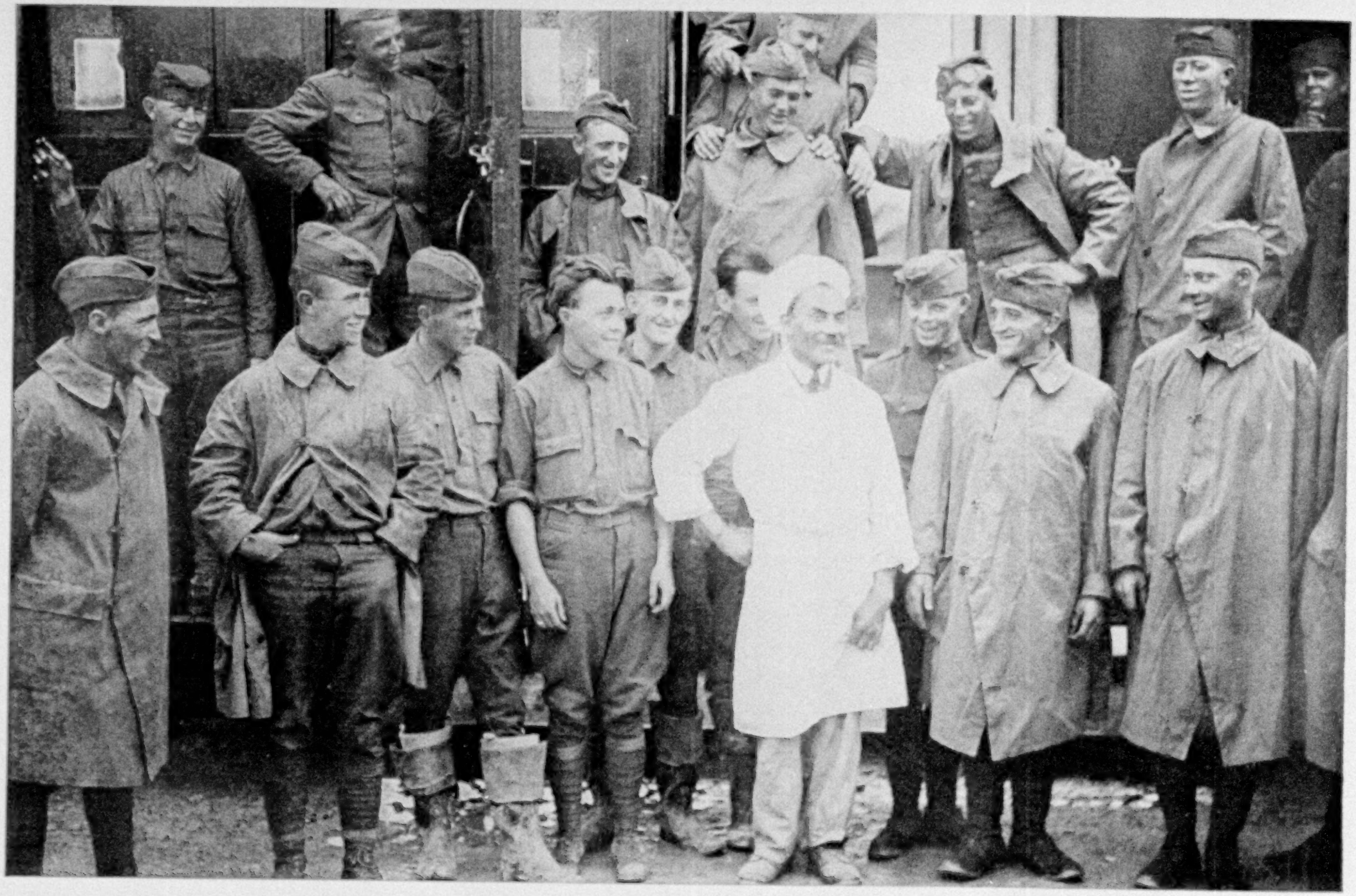
"I like the American soldiers. They have come to protect my country. And I like especially my god-fathers," says Andre Claudel, a ten-year-old orphan who has been adopted by a number of army field clerks in France. Andre's mother died a year ago and his father was killed in the Argonne. He is a serious-minded little French boy and one of the best students in the refugee colony at Caen. Many French orphans have been adopted by American troops, and the American Red Cross administers the funds for their maintenance.

AMERICAN FUN IN A LONDON HOSPITAL

Remember the home paper you sent him? Well, here it is! A fellow must do something to while away the hours when he is convalescing—even in an American Red Cross hospital in London. And in spite of wounds received in action, these true-to-type Americans must make paper caps, and "play soldier," for "men are only boys grown tall, and hearts don't change much, after all."

THE RATIFICATION OF A FRANCO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE

In the garden of the American Red Cross recreation hut at Orleans a Yankee chaplain and a group of doughboys are entertaining a French visitor and in turn being entertained by him. It was the aged governor of one of the war-torn French provinces who said that "though France has long known of America's greatness, strength, and enterprise, it has remained for the American Red Cross in the war to reveal America's heart."



A BELOVED RED CROSS COOK

Here, in his robes of office, is Thomas—"King of the Cookies." Thomas is a Washingtonian and one of the most popular men in France. Needless to add, the smiling Yankees surrounding him have just partaken of his wares at one of the many American Red Cross line-of-communication canteens.

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HIS FIRST TREAT ASHORE

When our troops were headed for France there was a keen rivalry among the soldiers to be the first ashore, and the American Red Cross canteen was the immediate objective; the direction is now reversed, but the objective remains the same

AMERICANS ALL! THE RED CROSS KNOWS NO DISTINCTION OF RACE, COLOR, OR CREED

Your Red Cross membership dollar serves all alike. Here the camera caught a recreation worker introducing a group to the Recreation Hut at Auteuil. There are three Spaniards, a Mexican, an Indian, and a negro; all are serving under the Stars and Stripes; all are American soldiers.

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RED CROSS WORKERS AND A BRASS BAND CHEERING A TROOP TRAIN ON ITS WAY

Trainloads of American soldiers and marines pass through Issoudun, in the central part of France, every day. Simultaneously with the arrival of every troop train, the American Red Cross canteen workers appear laden with coffee and sandwiches for the boys, while the band from the camp where the canteen is located plays a good old Yankee tune.

ALL THE THRILLS OF WAR ARE NOT AT THE FRONT! A DOUGHBOY RECEIVING A RED CROSS GIFT

Nothing is withheld by the American Red Cross that can be given to supplement the efforts of the army and navy in caring for our boys—nothing that will add to their safety, comfort, and happiness. Here the workers at one of the line-of-communication canteens are passing out sandwiches in boxes to American soldiers in France.

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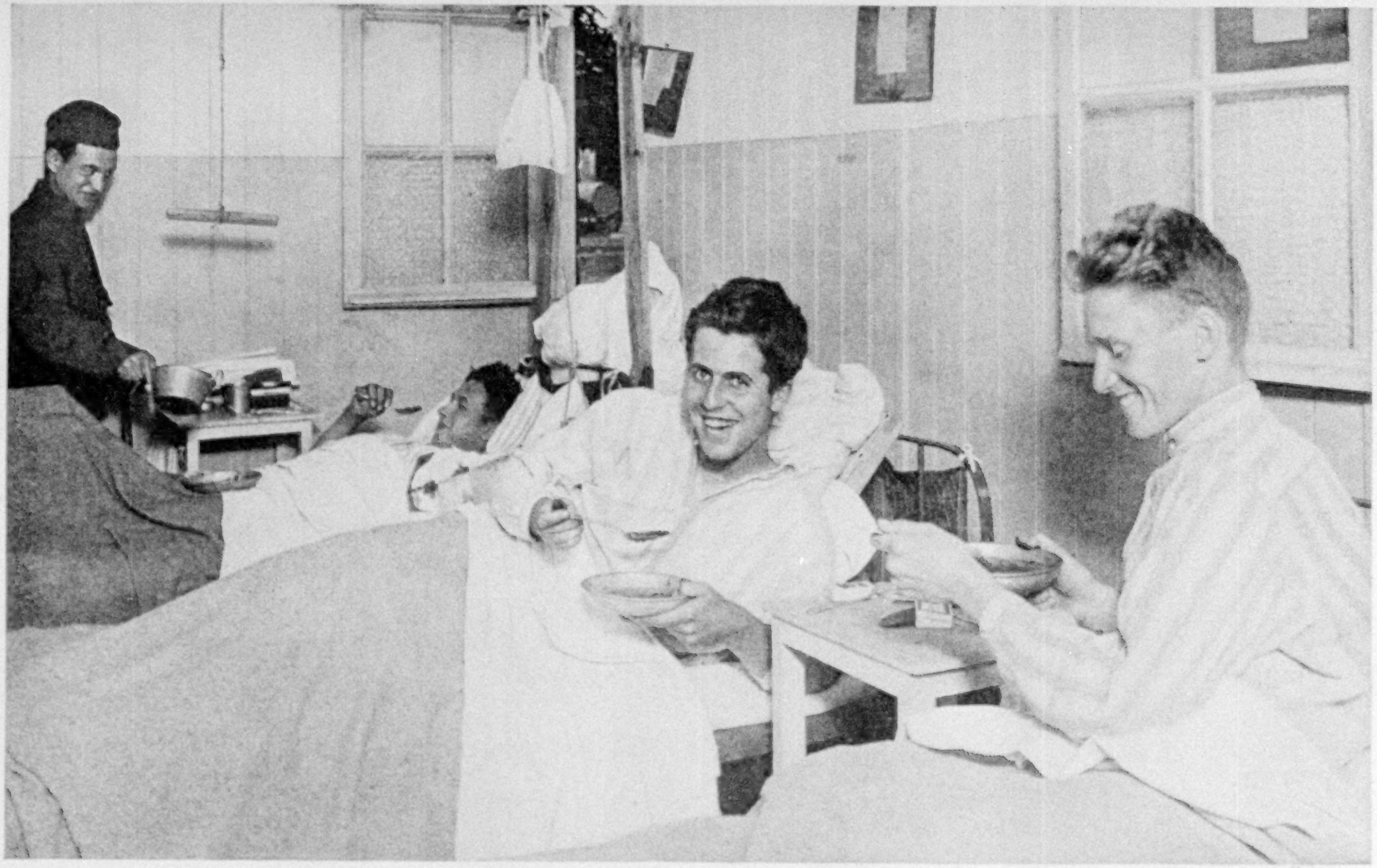
WOUNDED BUT HAPPY IN OLD ENGLAND

While enjoying a sun bath outside one of the United States military hospitals in England, these boys have received a visit from the Care Committee of the American Red Cross, which daily distributes flowers, "smokes," and papers to the soldiers from "the States."



"CHOW TIME" MARKS A BRIGHT SPOT IN THE DAY

Care like this is proof to the Yankee soldier that the "mobilized heart and spirit of the American people" have been equal to every call—ready to respond to any emergency. In the American Military Hospital No. 1, at Neuilly, the members of the National Geographic Society are maintaining several wards where American boys are being restored to health and usefulness. Patriotic and sympathetic women of the Society's membership made and donated great numbers of afghans, quilts, convalescent jackets, pajamas, bath-robes, handkerchiefs, and other articles which have alleviated the suffering of our wounded.

MIX

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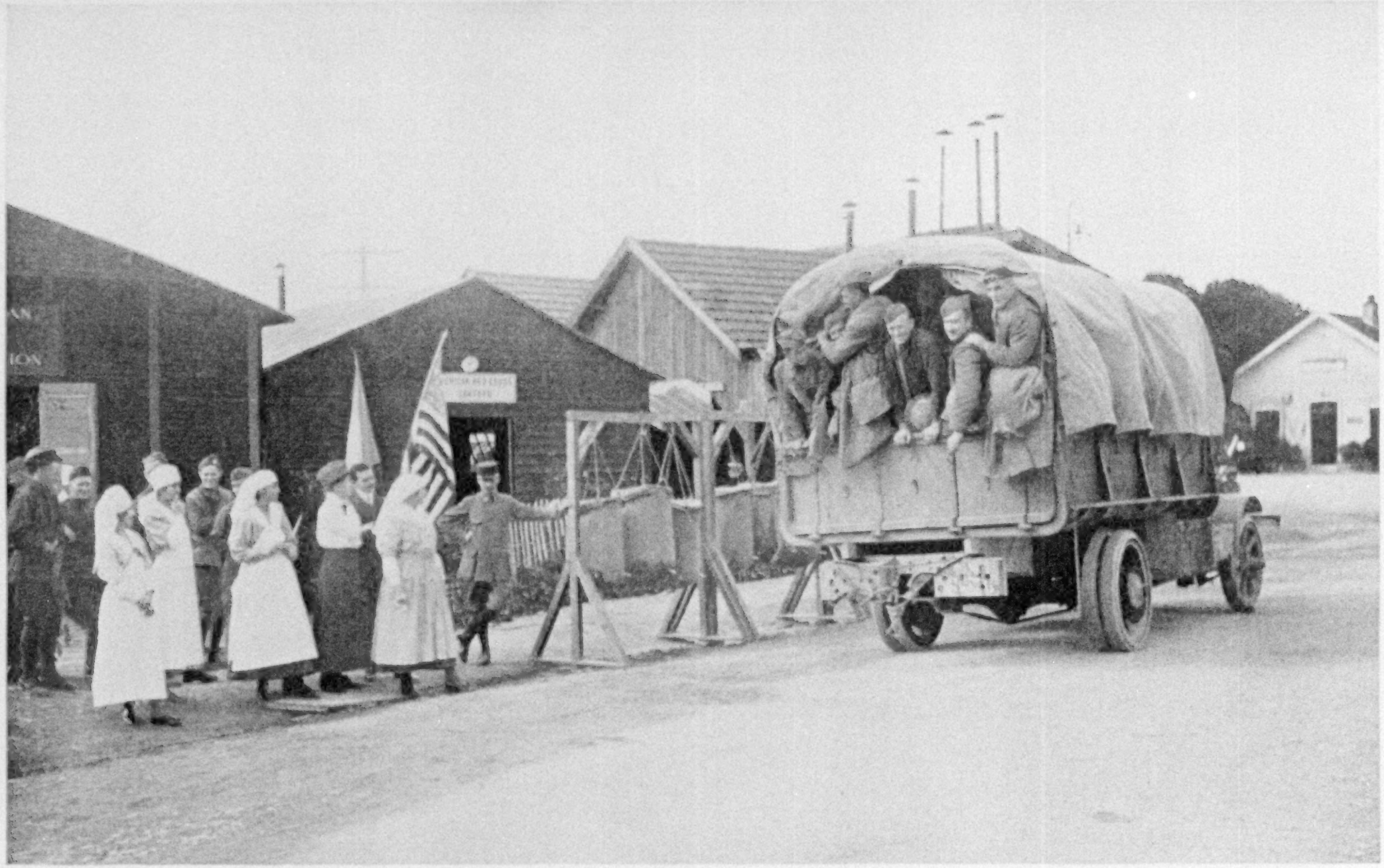
YOUR RED CROSS MEMBERSHIP DOLLAR AT WORK

Wherever there are American soldiers this American Red Cross canteen scene is duplicated as a direct result of your membership dollar. At these canteens opportunity for a brief rest is provided, coffee and sandwiches are tucked under belts, and pure, filtered water is to be had from the hanging bags shown in the background of the picture.



A GOD-SPEED FROM THE RED CROSS WORKERS

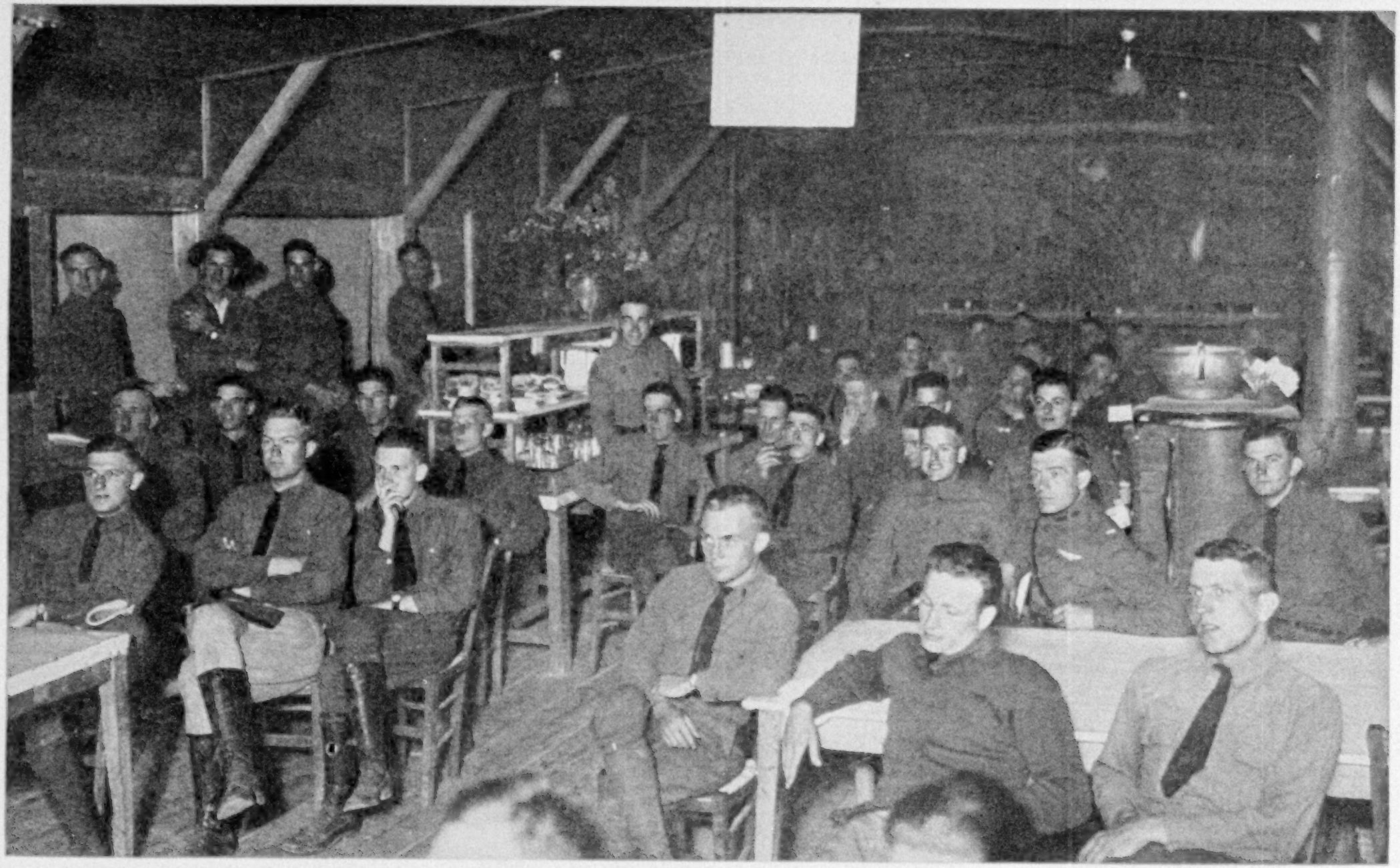
When this picture was taken this army camion was headed for the front; now it is reversed. Many of our men are coming home, and the Red Cross workers might be bidding them "bon voyage," for these women are staying to help in the great work of the reconstruction of France, in which their organization is proving of so much value, and in the returning of millions of American troops to their native land.

XUM

XUM

AMERICAN RED CROSS "CRACHE": A DAY NURSERY FOR WORKERS' CHILDREN

The mothers of these little French children were needed in an army camouflage factory to paint the great quantities of burlap and canvas used to conceal guns and works at the front, so the American Red Cross established this nursery. Now there is even greater need of such service and it will continue until a readjustment has taken place and Belgium and France have been restored.



A RED CROSS "MOVIE" AUDIENCE IN FRANCE

There is no doubt in America that the Yankee soldier is individually and collectively the handsomest fighting man on earth. His lofty ideals and high standards of living have combined to place him physically and mentally on an elevated plane. The American Red Cross has an important work in providing him with "extras" of all kinds, including entertainment.

XUM

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THE MUSIC CORNER IN A RED CROSS CANTEEN GIVES A TOUCH OF HOME SOCIAL LIFE

The first war-time purpose of the American Red Cross was to help win the war; the second was to save civilization while the war was going on. Now its greatest usefulness consists in minimizing the effects of the war on civilization—a purpose which merits the support of every American.

A SMILING HERO

From the day the United States entered the war up to July 1, 1918, the women of the American Red Cross made 10,786,489 hospital garments for the use of "our boys." Here is one of both—boy and garment. The boy is cheerful in spite of the load of shell fragments he is carrying in various parts of his anatomy, and the garment—maybe it's from your own Red Cross chapter.

# AN OLD JEWEL IN THE PROPER SETTING

## An Eyewitness's Account of the Reconquest of the Holy Land by Twentieth Century Crusaders

By Charles W. Whitehair

SINCE King David, nearly three thousand years ago, captured Jerusalem and made it his capital, it has been a coveted prize, sought not so much by the nations for its military importance as for its sacredness to three of the world's greatest religions.

For to the Jew and the Mohammedan, as well as the Christian, Jerusalem is "The Holy City." Throughout its history the wearied feet of millions of pilgrims from far-distant lands have never ceased to climb over the rocky Judean hills to pay homage and to worship within its sacred walls.

To the Jew, as the home of his forefathers, it has always been of hallowed memory in spite of the hundreds of years of his exile.

To the Christian, Jerusalem, with the surrounding country, is truly "The Holy Land," for it is the land of his Lord's birth, His ministry, His crucifixion, His resurrection. Throughout Christendom the names Jerusalem, Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, and Garden of Gethsemane are laden with meaning, even to the smallest school child.

To the Mohammedan, Jerusalem is second only to Mecca in sanctity.

Repeatedly besieged, captured, and recaptured, practically all of the great nations of history have held sway over the Holy City—the Israelites, Egyptians, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, Assyrians, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders, and Turks—and its surrender in the past has nearly always meant the destruction of its buildings and the wholesale slaughter of the population.

### BRITISH CAPTORS WITHHELD SHELLFIRE FROM THE SACRED CITY

The treatment which Jerusalem has received at the hands of her British captors stands out in strong contrast to her past history of suffering.

Realizing the importance of Jerusalem to the Christians, the Jews, and the Mohammedans, General Allenby so planned his campaign that he captured the town without firing a single shell into the ancient walled city.

However, the capture of Jerusalem is only an isolated incident in the great Palestine campaign. Operating in an inhospitable, hostile country, where not only food, clothing, and munitions had to be transported from great distances, but even water carried many weary miles to her forces fighting amid oppressive desert heat, Great Britain and her colonies, practically unaided, crushed the Turkish Empire.

To do so she sent a million men to the Holy Land and Mesopotamia, transporting them an average distance of about 3,000 miles through submarine-infested seas. And these campaigns were conducted simultaneously with the major operations of her armies in Belgium and France and the activities of other hundreds of thousands in Macedonia and East Africa!

Early in 1915 the Turkish forces, aided by the Germans, were launched against the Suez Canal—the main artery of the British Empire, connecting Australia, New Zealand, and India with the mother country. In February, a small force of the enemy reached the canal and was driven back; but in order to protect this vital waterway it became necessary for the British to launch an offensive.

This meant pushing forward over 150 miles of desert, which marked the beginning of the long, weary months of fighting on the Sinai Peninsula, known as the Desert campaign. America can little realize those awful days of suffering.



XUM

A CARAVAN OF THE BRITISH CRUSADERS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY AND DESERT SANDS OF RESCUED PALESTINE

In its Sinai Peninsula desert campaign the British army mustered tens of thousands of burden beasts, the greatest camel transport corps in the history of the world

Photograph from C. W. Whitehair

AN AUTOMOBILE HIGHWAY IN THE HOLY LAND

The going is seldom smooth for a motor car in Palestine, and the rainy season offered additional obstacles to the British in their advance upon Jerusalem. But the mud and the mountain torrents were far preferable to the suffocating dust and almost unendurable desert heat of the dry season, when the Jordan Valley advance was made.

During the summer of 1916 I visited every part of the Sinai front, and in no part of the war zone have I seen men undergo greater privations and hardships. Every gallon of water had to be carried forward in great tin boxes, called "fantasses"; and in time the British mustered the greatest camel transport the world has ever seen, running into the tens of thousands of burden beasts.

It was no easy matter to move forward the guns and keep up the lines of communication, for the wheels of the motor-cars and artillery sank deep into the soft sand. One enterprising young officer discovered that by laying chicken wire on the sand, motor-cars and guns could be moved forward.

## THE GREAT BATTLE WITH DESERT THIRST

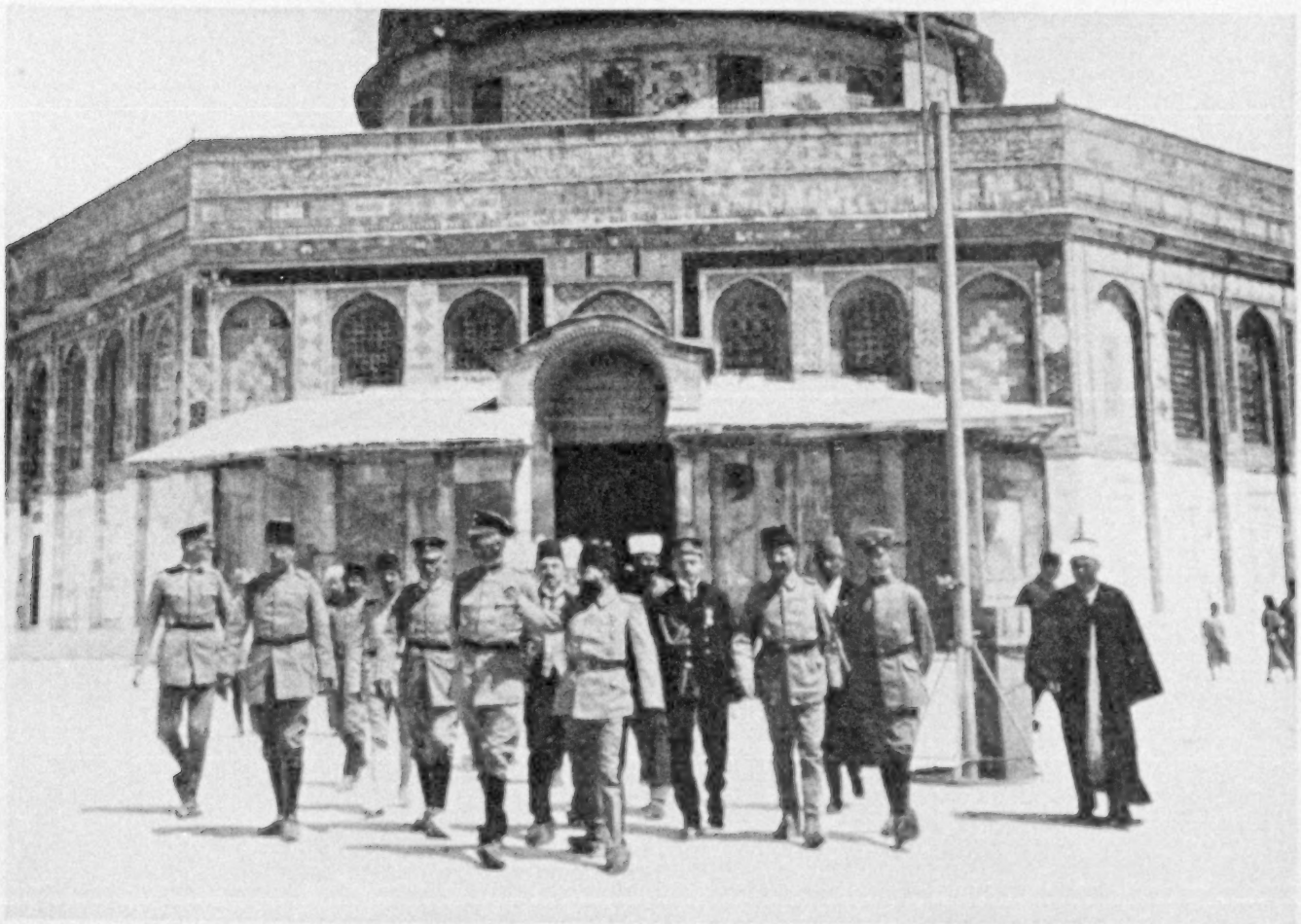
On the desert, many weary months went by. The army had not only to fight the Turk, but the heat, dust, flies, and thirst as well. And the worst hardship of all was the unquenchable thirst. Only those who have gone into the desert really know this awful, unbearable, ever-gripping, burning thirst.

The desert thirst has no equal. The sizzling hot sun on the sand, the glaring light, and the burning heat get into the blood, and the victim begins to want water. If he is fortunate enough to have the water, he drinks, but his thirst remains unsatisfied; and then, after he drinks, he begins to perspire and his throat becomes dry and parched and his body becomes a roaring furnace, while his clothes are soaked with perspiration. He can literally drink gallons. But the lads who went over the scorching sands of Sinai had only one gallon of water a day per man—one gallon for cooking, washing, and drinking.

Photograph from C. W. Whitehair

THE WILDERNESS OF JUDEA FROM THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE DESERT MOUNTED CORPS OF THE BRITISH FORCES

The British army in Palestine had not only to fight the Turk, but the heat, dust, flies, and thirst—that awful, gripping, burning, unquenchable desert thirst



Photograph from C. W. Whitehair

GENERAL VON FALKENHAYN AND DJEMAL PASHA LEAVING THE MOSQUE OF OMAR IN JERUSALEM

This is one of the numerous official Turkish photographs which fell into the hands of the British following their successful "Palestine push." There is no more formidable fighting man in the world than the Turk, and Germany sent some of her ablest officers to the Near East to organize and direct the operations of the Ottoman troops against the British; but the triumph of General Allenby's men was complete.

In the entire campaign, every gallon of water had to be brought from the River Nile by means of pipes. The water was stored in great reservoirs prior to being filtered for the troops.

It was not only necessary to bring the Nile water hundreds of miles for the army, but in many instances water had to be furnished to the captured civilian population along the line of march, due to the fact that the Turks destroyed the wells as they retreated.

But, in spite of heat, thirst, the difficulties of transport, and the combined Turkish and German resistance, the British forces moved slowly forward until they reached the strong enemy line stretching from Gaza to Beersheba. It was at this juncture in the operations that General Allenby, in June, 1917, came out from France, took over the command, and began the "Palestine push."

The success of the whole campaign very largely centered around the railroad, which was constructed mile by mile as the army moved forward. Much of it had to be built under constant fear of aërial bombardment. But probably no railroad has carried as large an amount of freight in the same length of time, for all the food, munitions, guns, and men for Palestine are moved over the one track.

### THE GIFT OF THE LAST CRUSADERS

Before the war, in going to Jerusalem it was necessary to proceed by boat from Port Said to Jaffa, thence by rail to Jerusalem, for the trip across the sands of Sanai took about eight days by camel. Today the traveler can go to bed on a

Photograph by American Colony, from C. W. Whitehair

CELEBRATING AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY IN JERUSALEM UNDER THE AUSPICES OF BRITISH COMMANDERS

The officer in the foreground, to the right of the children, is General Allenby, the distinguished victor in the great "Palestine push"; behind him stands Col. Ronald Storrs, the British Military Governor of the Holy City

comfortable train at the canal base camp, Kantara, and arrive early the next morning in Jerusalem.

This quick and comfortable trip has been made possible by the last Crusaders, many of whom sleep beneath the lonely crosses that mark the road from the Suez Canal to the gates of the Holy City.

On December 5 the British forces had fought forward to a line from Neby Samwil to a position opposite Ain Karim, a distance of just under five miles.

Neby Samwil is 2,935 feet above sea-level and quite the highest point in the vicinity of Jerusalem. It is about four and a half miles from the north wall of the city. Ain Karim, the traditional birthplace of John the Baptist, is about four miles slightly to the southwest of Jerusalem.

### HOW THE ATTACK WAS LAUNCHED

The actual attack on Jerusalem was begun on the morning of December 8. Unfortunately, on December 7 it had begun to rain, and there was a deluge for three days, as it was the rainy season. Mist and fog hung over the hills and made aëroplane observation practically impossible.

The rain also made the roads almost impassable for mechanical transport and the camels were useless. The troops had been moved up in the same clothing they had worn in the desert campaign—khaki drill and shorts—and the men suffered severely from the intense cold.

The general who commanded the 60th division told me that on the night of December 7 he had brought up from Jaffa all the oranges he could get, and then went among the troops and threw the fruit on the ground and made the men scramble for it as they would in a football game, to get them warmed up.

The only food the troops had was bully beef and biscuits. But in spite of cold, rain, and rough food, they were all exceedingly keen to go forward. Every soldier, that cold, rainy December night, seemed to be inspired with the spirit of the old Crusaders, as he went forward, singing, to the attack.

About midnight the British forces reached the position of deployment and the attack began. By dawn they had captured all of their first objectives. It is impossible to speak of this attack as a charge, because, as I went over all the ground, I found it was quite difficult even to crawl up the side of the hill.

Their last objective lay quite a little way out of the city. It was an old factory on top of the hill, in which there had been installed a large number of machine guns, which swept the slopes.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of December 8, the British left the Turkish trenches they had captured and made for the factory. The only cover was the big rocks on the hillside, and they went forward in the style of the old Indian fighter. At 4 o'clock that afternoon they made a final rush and seized the crest. At 5 o'clock the assailants were in possession, and this practically meant the capture of Jerusalen, as there were no more commanding heights to which the Turks could retire.

### THE SURRENDER OF THE CITY

On the morning of December 9, Privates H. E. Church and R. W. J. Andrew, of the 220th London Regiment, sighted a white flag outside of Jerusalem. The news was immediately wired back to Major General Shea, who at once wired General Allenby.

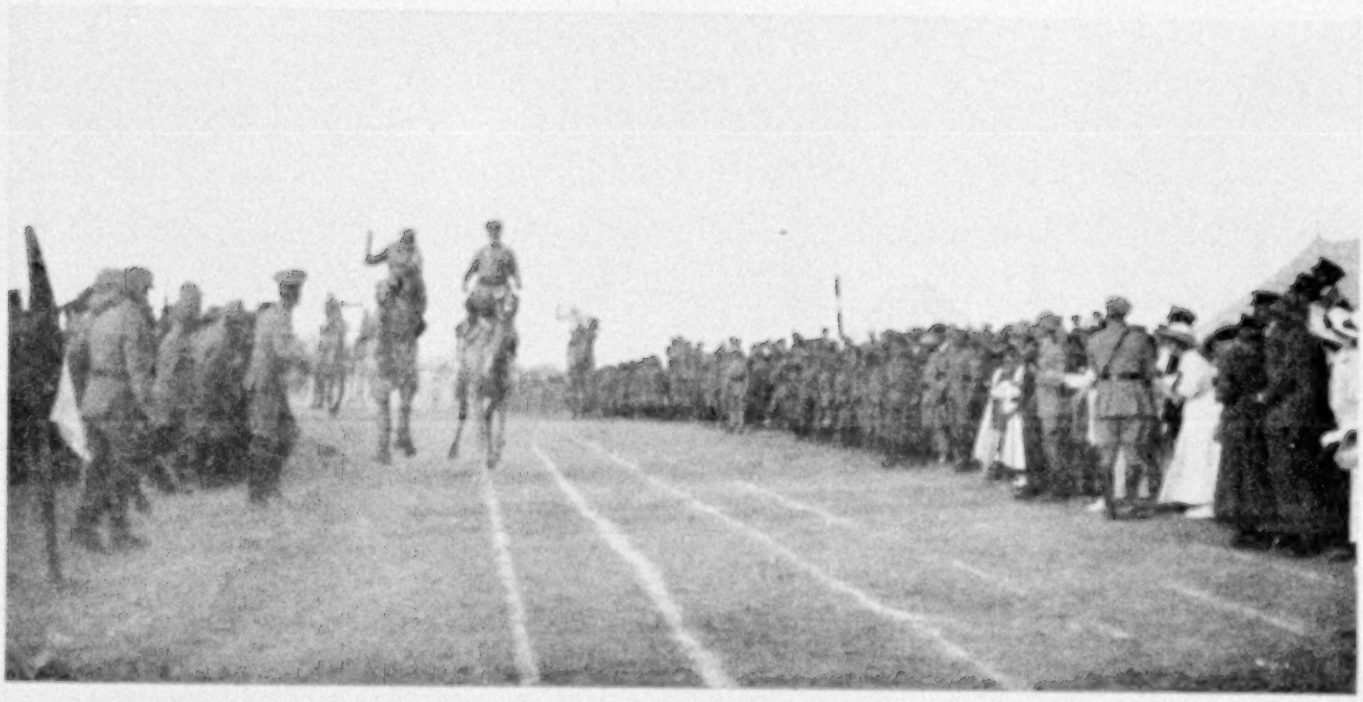
General Allenby telegraphed: "Go forward at once and receive the surrender of the city in my name."

General Shea immediately went forward and from the acting mayor and chief of police he received the surrender of Jerusalem. Of course, it was received outside the city wall.

At noon on December 11 General Allenby made his official entry into Jerusalem through the small, narrow Jaffa Gate, on foot, in his ordinary active service uniform, without even the display of military medals.

What a contrast to the entry of the Kaiser, when he made his pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1898! His agents had the Turks tear down a part of the city walls near the Jaffa Gate so that he could advance through a passage made solely for himself, and on horseback he entered, with all the pomp and glory and display of wealth that the Teutonic mind could conceive.

XUM



Photograph from C. W. Whitehair

A CAMEL RACE, ONE OF THE EVENTS OF A Y. M. C. A. ATHLETIC MEET ARRANGED FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE BRITISH TOMMIES WHO CAPTURED JERUSALEM

That ostentatious entry twenty years ago was looked upon at the time as the action of an egotistical monarch, but now we have come to realize that it was part of a plan to win the Moslem world to Germany. This breach in the wall made possible the entry of carriages into the town, and these have taken away some of the charm of the Holy City; but the vehicles can penetrate only a few hundred feet, as the streets are exceedingly narrow.

However, the world can be truly thankful that henceforth no such desecration of the sacred city will take place. The British, I understand, are planning to repair the breach in the wall, thus restoring all the traditional simplicity of the ancient city.

### KAISERISM ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

The Kaiser caused to be erected on the beautiful Mount of Olives, overlooking Jerusalem and all the surrounding country, a great stone building altogether out of keeping with the ancient architecture of the city. They called it the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria Hospice, which even then was spoken of as looking more like a fortress than a hospice.

It is a tremendous building, supposed to be for the use of German pilgrims, but it was afterward discovered that it contained a powerful wireless outfit, which, I presume the exponents of German Kultur would explain, was a real aid to the German pilgrims' prayers and meditations.

Later, it was claimed that the foundations of the walls were beginning to give way, thus affording an excuse for building great concrete bases to hold them in place. These bases had a strange resemblance to the ordinary German gun emplacements—a little more German Kultur!

Today, standing at all gates and before all the places sacred to Christianity and Judaism, are British Tommies, protecting them against desecration and spoliation at the hand of war. British Indians, being Mohammedans, guard the Mohammedan sacred places.

Since the capture of the city not a single building has been torn down or damaged, and no changes of any kind are permitted without the sanction of the military authorities. Every single stone is being guarded, so that the city may be preserved unmarred by modern hands.

Upon his entry, General Allenby at once announced to the inhabitants that they would receive just treatment, that no preference was to be shown, and that the people were to carry on their business as they would in times of peace.

Photograph from C. W. Whitehair

LADY ALLENBY GIVING AWAY THE PRIZES AT A Y. M. C. A. ATHLETIC MEET: PALESTINE

While the Y. M. C. A. has been chiefly instrumental in providing entertainment and diversion for the Twentieth Century Crusaders in the Holy Land, it has also helped the British authorities in solving some of the vital sanitary problems of Jerusalem. It was this organization which secured engine, pump, carts, and wagons for the first sanitary equipment installed in the city.

The first British military governor of Jerusalem was the Postmaster-General of Egypt, Borden Pasha; but he had to resign because of illness, and Colonel Ronald Storrs assumed the title and duties of Governor of Jerusalem on December 27. When he arrived he found that the city was on the verge of famine, and immediate action had to be taken to avert it.

SAVING THE CITY FROM STARVATION

Jerusalem in the past had two main sources of food supply—the first from the sea by Jaffa, which was cut off at the outbreak of the war; the second from the districts east of the Jordan. The latter was interrupted by the Turks when the British captured the city.

No supplies were coming in from the surrounding country, as in December the roads are very bad, and because nearly four years of Turkish military occupation had stripped the country of all available food resources.

An order was issued requiring the declaration of all grain in the city, for nearly 25,000 people were absolutely destitute and the number was increasing daily. Hundreds of tons of supplies were shipped in and relief work was carefully carried forward under the personal supervision of the Governor and his staff.

The Turks on evacuating Jerusalem took special care to deport all persons occupying important civil offices, such as heads of communities, magistrates, chief accountants, the chief of the police, and other prominent citizens. They had closed all schools, disbanded the police force, and destroyed or carried away every important document or register

XUM

(No. 27.)

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All correspondence must be written in one of the following languages and in the characters indicated:—

English.

French.

Italian.

Hebrew (Hebrew character).

Arabic.

Yiddish (Latin or Hebrew character).

Spanish-Hebrew (old Hebrew character).

Russian.

Armenian.

Greek.

Spanish.

Portuguese.

Dutch.

Amharic.

German (Latin or German character).

All other correspondence will be destroyed.

R Storrs

*Military Governor.*

JERUSALEM IS THE MODERN BABEL

Fifteen languages ought to be enough for any community, but the last line of this official proclamation, issued in the Holy City after the British occupation, is no joke. There are lots of other tongues spoken in the capital of Palestine in addition to the ones catalogued. These, however, are the principal languages to be heard in the streets and observed on the signboards.

connected with the administration. There were no records left; not even title deeds of private property. Private and public institutions had been pillaged.

No medical attention was to be had anywhere in the city, but within 24 hours after the British occupation two hospitals were opened for the civilian population.

The Governor and his staff personally went to every bakery during the first few days, to see that the women and children got bread and were not crowded away by the men. Nine hundred tons of cereals are now brought to Jerusalem every month, and every precaution is taken to see that the city has sufficient food.

The problem of government was far more complicated than appears on the surface, for in Jerusalem more languages are spoken than in any other city in the world—a fact indicated by one of the official notices reproduced on this page.

Fortunately, the Military Governor is splendidly fitted for his task, for he knows the Near East, having been during the past few years in the Egyptian Government service. He knows the oriental mind, and realizes how impossible it is to deal with orientals, without knowing something about their religion and their mode of living and thinking. He is able to speak fluently Arabic, French, Italian, Greek, English, German, and Turkish and is now mastering Hebrew.

During his services in Egypt, Colonel Storrs became very popular with the Moslems—a fact which gave him a good standing in Jerusalem, as the majority

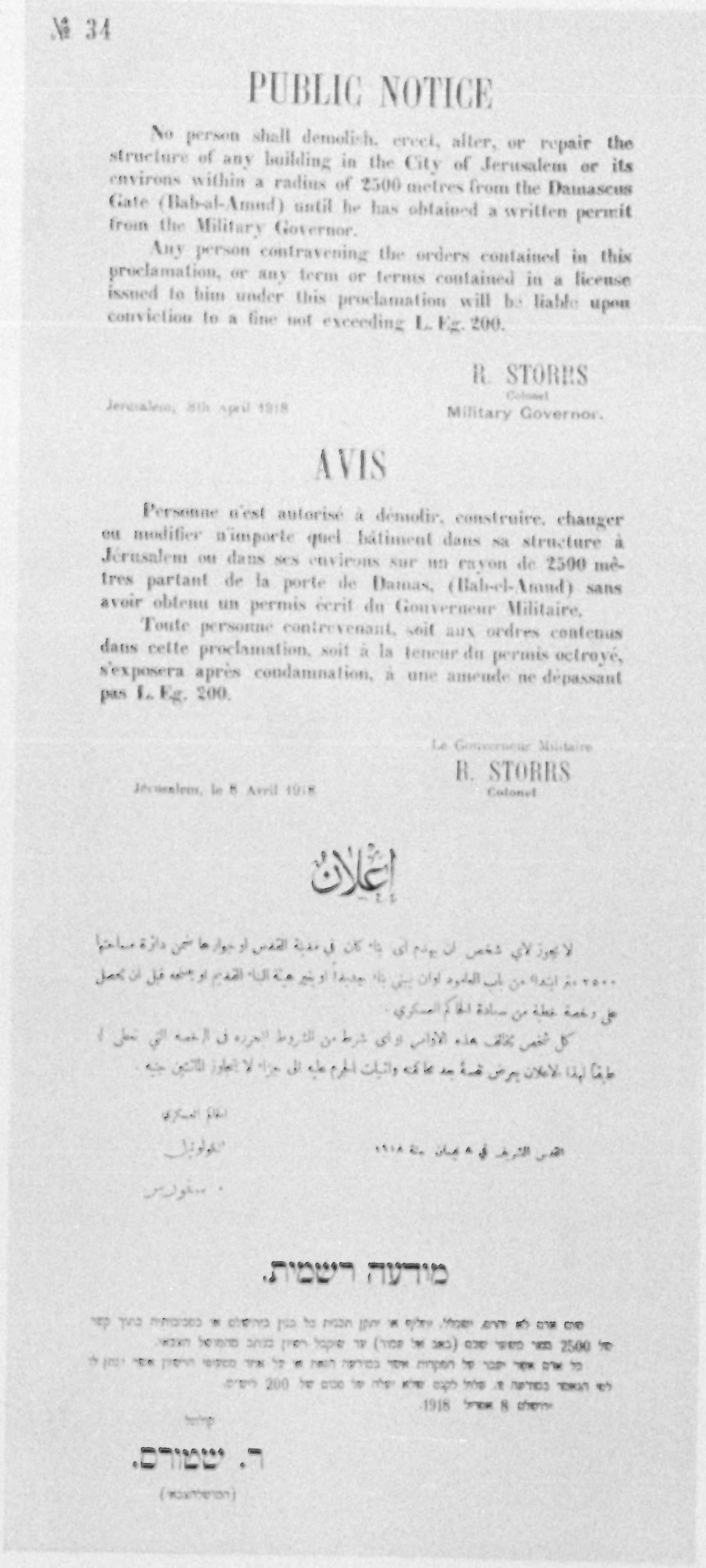
of the population in Palestine are Moslem.

Since the different religious communities in Jerusalem have been quarreling for years, it was not to be expected that they would lay aside their differences the moment the city was taken over by the British. The Governor laughingly told me that he felt that he was dealing with the population in a just way as long as they all kept complaining.

For example, in the morning a deputation of Greek priests would call to protest that the authorities were according special privileges to the Jews or the Moslems; a little later would come a deputation of Latin priests registering a similar complaint against the others; and following them, the Moslem leaders would make their complaints. After these the Jewish rabbis might come to voice their troubles.

The Governor put it aptly when he said that if part of the community quit complaining, he had made up his mind it would be time to change his program, as the satisfied citizens were possibly being shown too much consideration.

In the large public square in the outer city a British military band gives a concert four times a week. At first the band played only three afternoons a week—Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday—but the Grand Mufti, the head of the Moslems, complained, saying: "You are playing for the Jews on Saturday and for the Christians on Sunday, but you don't play for the Mohammedans on Friday." The band now plays on Friday.



№ 34

PUBLIC NOTICE

No person shall demolish, erect, alter, or repair the structure of any building in the City of Jerusalem or its environs within a radius of 2500 metres from the Damascus Gate (Bab-al-Amud) until he has obtained a written permit from the Military Governor.

Any person contravening the orders contained in this proclamation, or any term or terms contained in a license issued to him under this proclamation will be liable upon conviction to a fine not exceeding L. Eg. 200.

R. STORRS
Colonel
Military Governor.

Jerusalem, 8th April 1918

AVIS

Personne n'est autorisé à démolir, construire, changer ou modifier n'importe quel bâtiment dans sa structure à Jérusalem ou dans ses environs sur un rayon de 2500 mètres partant de la porte de Damas, (Bab-el-Amud) sans avoir obtenu un permis écrit du Gouverneur Militaire.

Toute personne contrevenant, soit aux ordres contenus dans cette proclamation, soit à la teneur du permis octroyé, s'exposera après condamnation, à une amende ne dépassant pas L. Eg. 200.

Le Gouverneur Militaire
R. STORRS
Colonel

Jérusalem, le 8 Avril 1918

إعلان

لا يجوز لاي شخص ان يهدم اي بناء كان في مدينة القدس او جوارها ضمن دائرة مساحتها ٢٥٠٠ متر ابتداء من باب العامود او ان يبني بناء جديداً او يغير هيئة البناء القديم او يصلحه قبل ان يحصل على رخصة خطية من سعادة الحاكم العسكري.

كل شخص يخالف هذه الاوامر او اي شرط من الشروط المحرره في الرخصه التي تعطى له طبقاً لهذا الاعلان يعرض نفسه بعد محاكمته واثبات الجرم عليه الى جزاء لا يتجاوز المائتين جنيه.

الحاكم العسكري
الكولونيل
ر. ستورس

القدس الشريف في ٨ نيسان سنة ١٩١٨

מודעה רשמית.

שום אדם לא יהרוס, ישכלל, יחליף או יתקן תבנית כל בנין בירושלם או בסביבותיה בתוך קשר של 2500 מטר משער שכם (באב אל עמוד) עד שיקבל רשיון בכתב מהמושל הצבאי.

כל אדם אשר יעבר על הפקדות אשר במודעה הזאת או על אחד מסעיפי הרשיון אשר ינתן לו לפי הגאמר במודעה זו, עלול לקנס שלא יעלה על סכום של 200 ליש״מ.

ירושלם 8 אפריל 1918.

קולונל

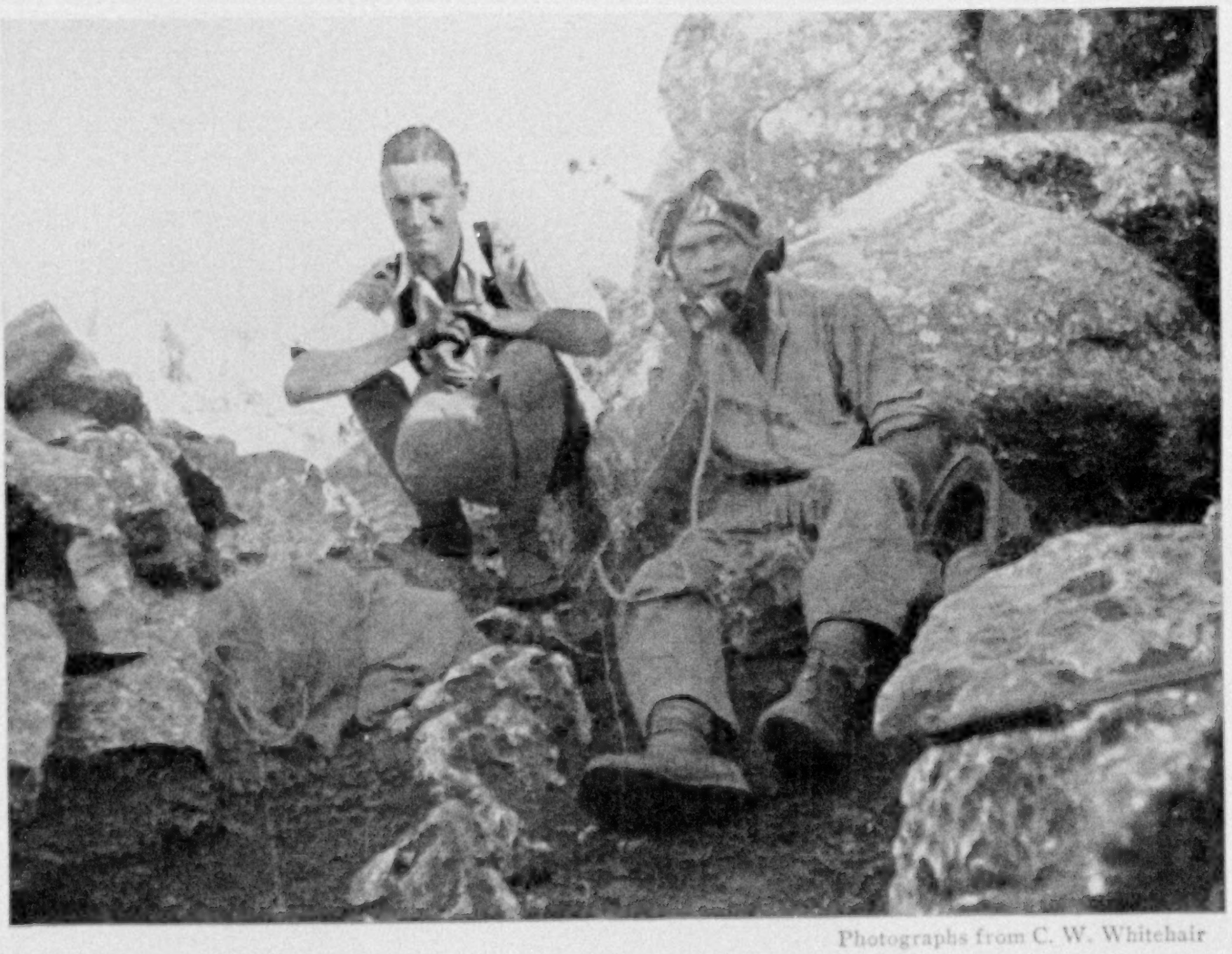
ר. שטורס.

(המושל הצבאי)

Photograph from C. W. Whitehair

ONE OF THE FOUR-LANGUAGE PROCLAMATIONS POSTED IN JERUSALEM BY THE BRITISH

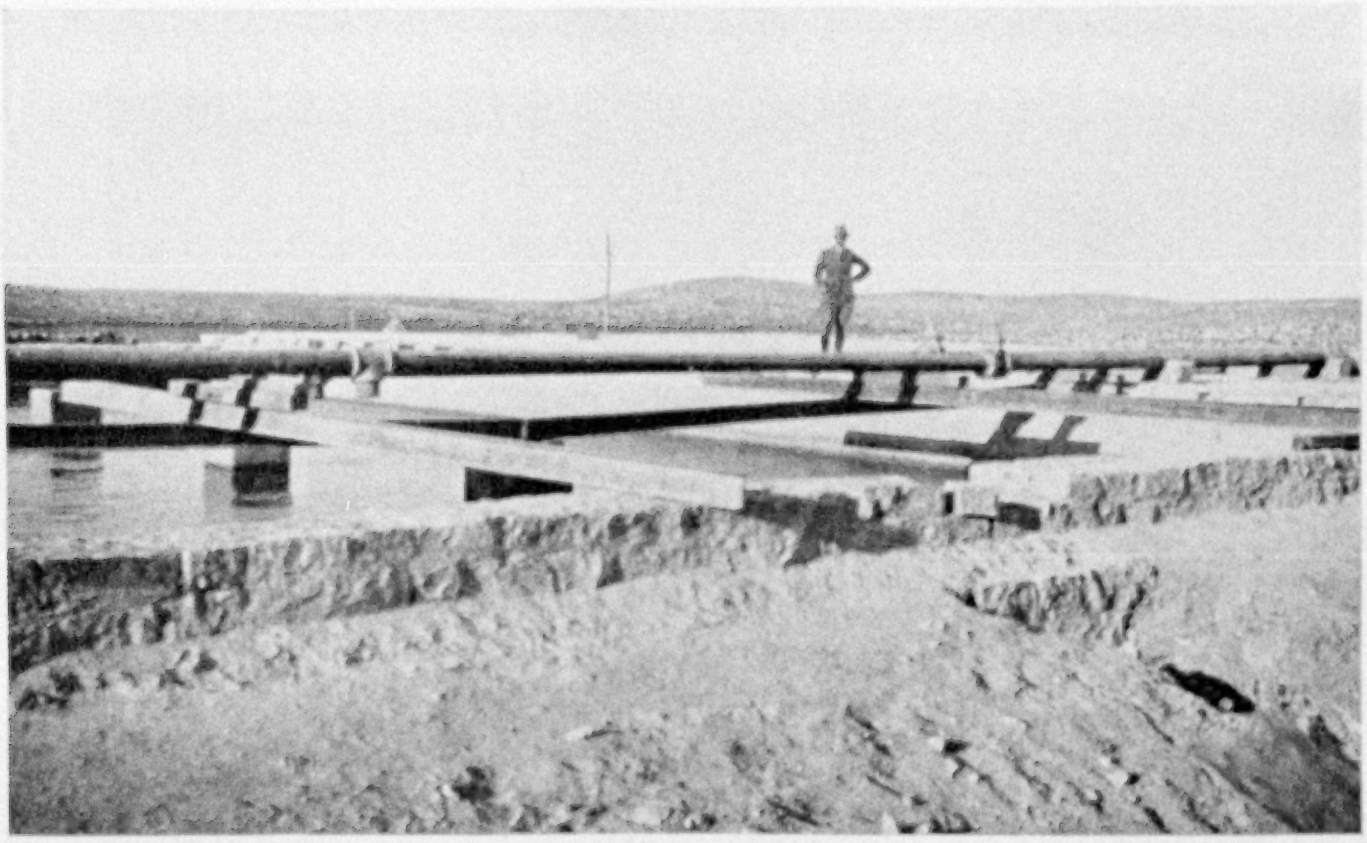
BRITISH HORSES TETHERED AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNT OF OLIVES: THE KAISERIN AUGUSTA VICTORIA HOSPICE CROWNS THE HEIGHT (SEE TEXT, PAGE 332)



Photographs from C. W. Whitehair

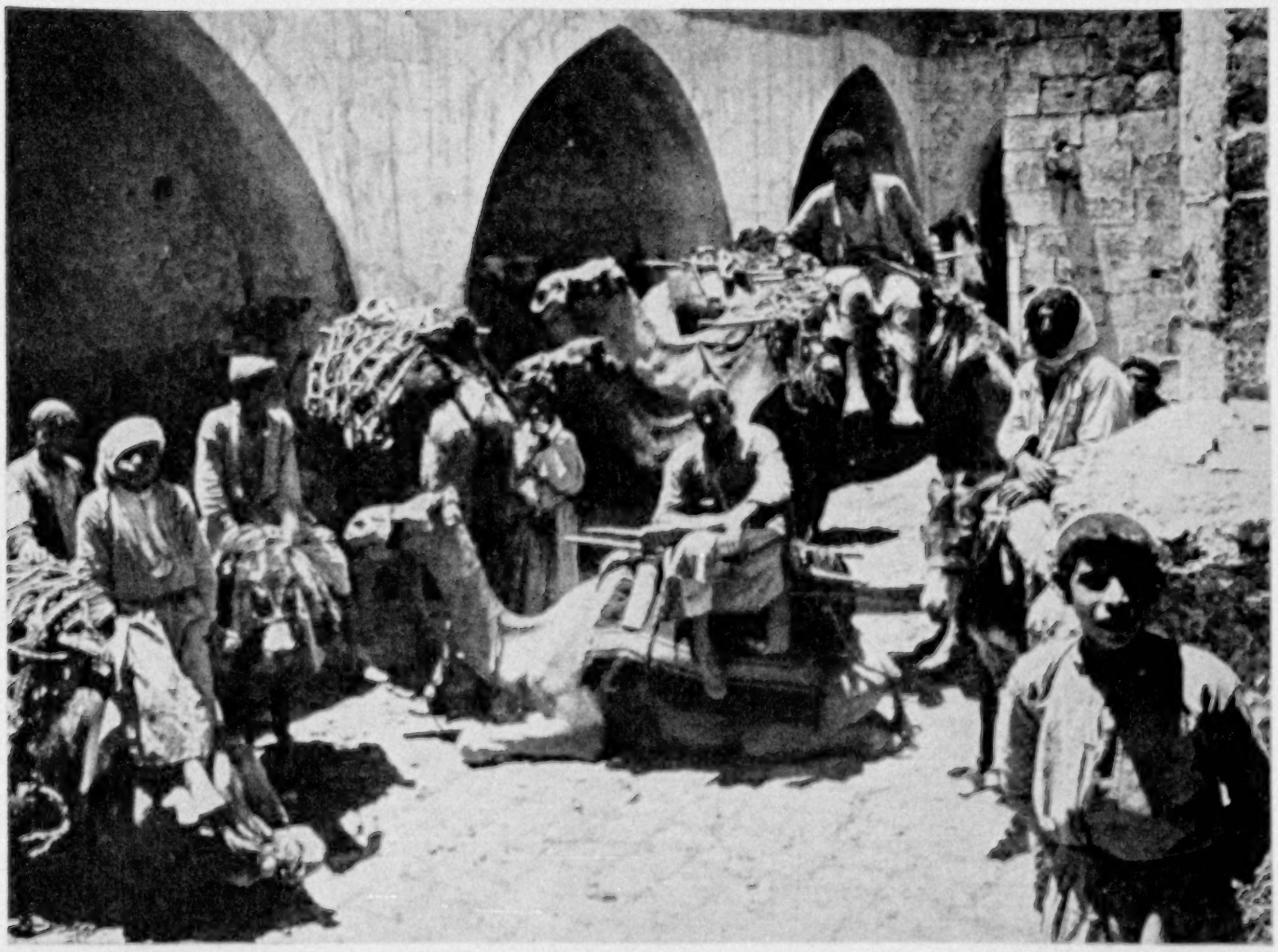
BRITISH OBSERVATION POST IN THE INDIAN HILLS ON THE DAMASCUS ROAD

The rapidity with which the British troops completed the conquest of Palestine and Syria during the closing weeks of the world war constituted one of the most brilliant strategic campaigns of history. Much of the success of the great "push" was due to the excellence of the observers both on the ground and in the air.



A RESERVOIR BETWEEN THE PONTIUS PILATE TANK AND JERUSALEM

The capacity of this basin is 350,000 gallons. The tank begun by Pontius Pilate was not completed in ancient times because the Roman Government frowned upon the heavy cost of the proposed water system. The British, however, immediately following their occupation of the Holy City, began the restoration and completion of the tank, which has a capacity of 5,000,000 gallons and is fed by a perennial spring.



Photographs from C. W. Whitehair

COURTYARD OF THE COPT INN: JERUSALEM

This inn marks the northern boundary of the Patriarch's Pool, an artificial reservoir which is said to have been constructed by King Hezekiah

© International Film Service

FRENCH PILGRIMS CARRYING A HUGE CROSS INTO THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

This edifice is one of the most sacred shrines in all Christendom. Every year in times of peace thousands of Americans join in the pilgrimage of peoples who wend their ceaseless way to this historic spot.

© International Film Service

THE ANCIENT CEREMONY OF "WASHING THE FEET" BY THE GREEK PATRIARCH ON THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE: JERUSALEM

This particular scene was enacted in the Holy City some time prior to the rescue of Palestine by the British. Note the preponderance of the Turkish fez in the crowd of onlookers.

Photograph by Earle Harrison

THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF THE TEMPLE INCLOSURE: JERUSALEM

"The most beautiful place in all Jerusalem is Haram-esh-Sherif, 'the Place of the Temple.' This area, which is surrounded by a wall, is the site of Solomon's magnificent Temple. It was a sacred spot even before King David placed his altar there." The native at the left of the picture is standing above what were once King Solomon's stables.

XUM

A public reading room has been opened in the public garden, in which the daily news telegrams are posted in English, French, Arabic, and Hebrew, and newspapers in various languages are provided.

Football teams have been organized among the boys of the city, under a special coach selected by the military. Public entertainments of all sorts are provided, and great care is taken to see that the heads of all the different religious communities are invited.

Without question, the greatest achievement of the British régime has been the bringing of water to the city. Before the British occupation the only water in Jerusalem was that which was collected during the rainy season in the dirty cisterns throughout the city and that which was peddled in goatskin water-bags on the backs of men and donkeys.

The reservoirs or cisterns are from twenty to thirty feet square and are so constructed that the water from the buildings and streets flows into them during the rainy season. As sanitation in the past has been unknown in the city, the condition of these cisterns can be imagined, for no precaution was taken to prevent the filth and dirt of the streets from flowing in with the water.

Water has always been the most precious thing in Palestine, and particularly in Jerusalem. Although the Turks ruled the city for more than four hundred years, they had never provided an adequate water supply. Within five months after the arrival of the British 320,000 gallons of water were being piped into the city daily.

About 15 miles from Jerusalem, out beyond Bethlehem, on the Hebron road, was a great tank begun by Pontius Pilate to supply water to the city. We are told that the expense was so great that when the Roman Government learned of it the work was stopped at once and was never completed. The tank and an aqueduct from an ever-flowing spring to the tank have been restored, and the water is now brought to Jerusalem through a six-inch pipe. The tank holds about 5,000,000 gallons, and insures a steady supply.

### PLANNING FOR THE CITY'S FUTURE

Realizing that under a just and honest administration Jerusalem is likely to have a large increase in population, a general plan has been drawn up for the immediate future. This plan provides for modern extensions beyond the walled area and contemplates a more practical style of architecture, which will, however, harmonize with the buildings of the ancient city.

As an old jewel must be properly set, so as to bring out all its luster, so will old Jerusalem stand out on the top of the hill, unspoiled by modern hand, towering alone in all her ancient beauty.

Much of the oriental charm of the old city is due to the dark, narrow, winding streets, resounding with the babble of many tongues and teeming with endless streams of people gathered out of every nation under heaven.

Many of the streets are ill paved and end in blind alleys. A number of them run under and through buildings and are lighted by oil lamps. No ray of sunshine or fresh air penetrates these dark passageways.

Often it is necessary to crouch against the wall to let the camels and donkeys, in charge of their yelling Moslem drivers, get by. One who has made the trip from Jaffa to Jerusalem at night by motor-car can never forget the sights and sounds of the almost endless train of grumbling, groaning camels, with donkeys occasionally interspersed, all loaded with vegetables and fruit, creeping up to Jerusalem for the morning market.

### PILGRIMS FROM ALL LANDS

In Jerusalem we see the pilgrims from all countries, who have come to end their days in the sacred city. Jews are seen by the thousands, in their long, thin robes, which look like dusters, all with wide-brimmed hats, much like those worn by the Quakers in their early days in America.

Mingling with the crowds are Greek, Latin, and Armenian priests in bare feet or wearing sandals, and here and there are the sisters from the numberless convents. The Moslem women go hurrying through the streets, with faces completely hidden by long veils. Armenians, Arabs, and Europeans are all rubbing shoulders in the little winding streets.

As I went about the city the variety of putrid smells and the dirty, begging pop-

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ulation detracted much from the charm of the scene and made it difficult to realize that this to millions of people is the most sacred spot in all the world.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a very interesting place, being remarkable for the number of supposedly historic spots in so small an area. Not far from the reputed sepulchre is the Stone of Atonement, where the body of Christ is said to have been prepared for burial. A few feet away is a hole in which the cross is said to have been placed, with two holes beside it for the crosses of the two thieves crucified at the same time, and in another room a star is inlaid in the floor to mark the burial place of Adam.

Millions of people journey to Jerusalem to see these sacred places. An American tourist once remarked that this church is like an American department store—everything under one roof.

The most beautiful place in all Jerusalem is Haram-esh-Sherif, "the Place of the Temple." This area, which is surrounded by a wall, is the site of Solomon's magnificent temple. It was a sacred spot even before King David placed his altar there.

In the center is the glittering Mosque of Omar, one of the richest in the world. It is built over a great rock, the Holy Rock, beneath which, according to the Moslems, is "The Well of Souls," where the spirits of all the Moslem dead assemble twice a week to pray. Mohammed himself once declared that one prayer here is worth a thousand elsewhere.

The rock is 59 feet long and 44 feet wide. Upon it the old Israelites made their burnt offerings, and in the middle ages the Crusaders erected an altar. On this rock Abraham is supposed to have built the altar on which to sacrifice his son Isaac. Beneath it is a small cavern about 15 feet square, in which some people believe that Masonry was first instituted by King Solomon.

Shortly after the capture of Jerusalem a group of New Zealand Masons, by liberal gratuities to the sheik in charge of the mosque, secured permission to enter this mystical chamber, and there 32 of them, representing 27 different lodges, held a Masonic meeting. The old sheik acted as door-keeper and protected the meeting from intruders. Throughout the world of Masonry in modern times, no other worshipful master has opened his lodge in quite such historic surroundings.

Jericho has nearly disappeared from the map; today it is a little village of only a few dirty, dismal hovels, not worthy of being called houses, in which live some three hundred wretched creatures.

However, from the little village, at the break of day, there is unfolded to the eye of the traveler one of the most remarkable historic panoramas in all the world. Across the Jordan to the east the sun shoots its rays over the heights of Moab. It was from one of those lofty mountains that Moses, after forty years of wandering and waiting, gazed longingly upon the Land of Promise, which he was destined never to enter.

To the south, between the mountains of Moab and the Judean Hills, nestles the Dead Sea, upon whose sluggish waters there now floats the smallest fighting squadron of the great British navy.

To the northwest lies the Mountain of Temptation, where Christ is reputed to have spent His forty days and nights of fasting.

To the west, silhouetted against the sky-line, looms the tower of the German hospice upon the Mount of Olives.

### IS THE JEW'S DREAM TO BE REALIZED?

One of the spots best known to tourists in Jerusalem is "The Wailing Place of the Jews," a portion of the old wall erected by David, where for hundreds of years countless thousands have gathered to pray for the restoration of their kingdom. At last it looks as if their dream would become a reality. Mr. Arthur James Balfour, Great Britain's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has written as follows on this subject:

"His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which shall prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

A part of this plan was the establishment of a great Hebrew university, and

Photograph from C. W. Whitehair

THE WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS: JERUSALEM

"May the kingdom soon return to Zion! Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem. May peace and joy abide with Zion, and the Branch of Jesse spring up at Jerusalem." Thus runs the litany of the Jews, which for centuries has been recited in this place. Today the never-ending prayers of an exiled people are about to be answered.

I was fortunate to be in Jerusalem at the time of the laying of the corner-stone of this institution. The day marked the dawn of a new epoch in the history of the Jewish people.

The site of the university is on Mount Scopus, across the Kidron River from the city and north of the Mount of Olives. On the day of the ceremony the crowds began leaving the gates of the city in the early afternoon. Most of them were walking because they were too poor to ride. Besides, when the Turks left Jerusalem they swept the city clean of carriages, wagons, and horses.

But one forgot the poverty of the multitude when he caught their spirit, for over them hung an atmosphere of hope and expectancy. They were happy, and well they might be, for a new day was beginning for all of them, and surely no race has suffered longer or more intensely than the Jews.

With heads high the multitudes sang their hosannas and hallelujahs. The laying of the corner-stone was marked by simplicity and dignity. The actual building of the university will be delayed until after the close of the war.

It now looks as if, after nearly two thousand years of exile, the Jews will return to claim a home in the land of their forefathers. Even under the unjust Turkish rule, the Zionists had established 45 or 50 settlements, and any one who doubts their ability to colonize has only to visit some of these villages.

The houses are better built than those of the ordinary Palestine village. The streets are clean and the farms are most creditable. The colonists have greatly increased the annual harvest of the acres they cultivate, and have demonstrated that Palestine has large agricultural possibilities.

The territory of Palestine is about one-

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sixth the size of England, and before the war had a population that has been estimated at about seven hundred thousand.

Due to the unjust Turkish rule of the past four hundred years, the population is in a wretched condition. Four years of war have devastated the land beyond belief.

Under a capable government, it is believed that Palestine can support a population running into the millions, but large sections of the country are now almost completely depopulated.

### THE TORTURES OF WARFARE IN THE JORDAN VALLEY

The Jordan Valley today lies practically uncultivated. In earlier periods the valley was well tilled and produced large crops. With a proper system of irrigation, no part of Palestine would yield more bountiful harvests, for the soil is fertile and the climate is subtropical.

At the same time, there is no part of Palestine where the British troops have suffered more severely than in the Jordan Valley. During the summer the dust and heat are terrific. The thermometer goes booming up toward 120° to 130° F., while the dust is suffocating, in many places being over a foot deep, not alone on the road, but over the valley. It is as fine and foamy as the finest wheat flour, and rises in great clouds as the motor plows through. So completely does it hover over the car as it is stirred up, that time after time the occupant of the back seat cannot see the windshield. The motor drivers are often forced to stop to find their way, as the blinding, baffling clouds roll about them.

### BRITISH FOUGHT FOR ALL CHRISTIANITY

Just how the problem of government will be worked out is a question for the Allies to settle; for, of course, the country will need to be so handled that Jerusalem will be kept not for the Jews only, but for all peoples.

It is wrong to speak of Palestine as the national home of the Jews alone, for the native Christian can make the same claim.

It seems that General Allenby has taken a very sane view of the problems involved. He insists that he is not commanding a British army, but is in command of a detachment of the Allies, and so strongly does he feel this that I was prompted to say: "You must realize that in all your force in Palestine there are possibly only a few hundred French and Italian troops, and in all of your fighting here in Palestine, so far as I can learn, there has not been one single soldier who has given up his life who was not a Britisher."

He replied: "Possibly that is true, but you must remember that while all of the men under me have been British soldiers, yet that is merely an incident; for the men who were fighting here might have been used on the Western Front. The other Allies have used their men there, and this is as much a part of the Allied show as is France, and I am carrying forward the campaign on the basis that the future of Palestine should be left to the Allies to settle, the same as in other conquered territory. However, I am, of course, trying so to administer the country that it can be handed over in the best possible condition to whomsoever it is entrusted after the war."

As I went from one part of Palestine to the other, and rubbed shoulders with the Indians, the Australians, the New Zealanders, the Scottish, and English troops, and talked with these men and their commanding officers, I came to see the secret underlying the success of the Palestine campaign. This success is evolved from the dynamic personality of one of the greatest military leaders of the war, General Edmund Henry Hyman Allenby.

He has inspired confidence and trust in every man of his command. From his highest general down to his most humble private, there is a reliance in his leadership which knows and looks only for success.

The recent capture of Damascus stands out as one of the brilliant military achievements of the war. In spite of the mountainous country between Jerusalem and Damascus, the British forces were moved forward so rapidly and with such strategic skill that practically the entire Turkish army opposing them was captured.

Palestine today is beginning a new chapter of her history, which is entirely due to the courageous and wise administration of her British liberators.

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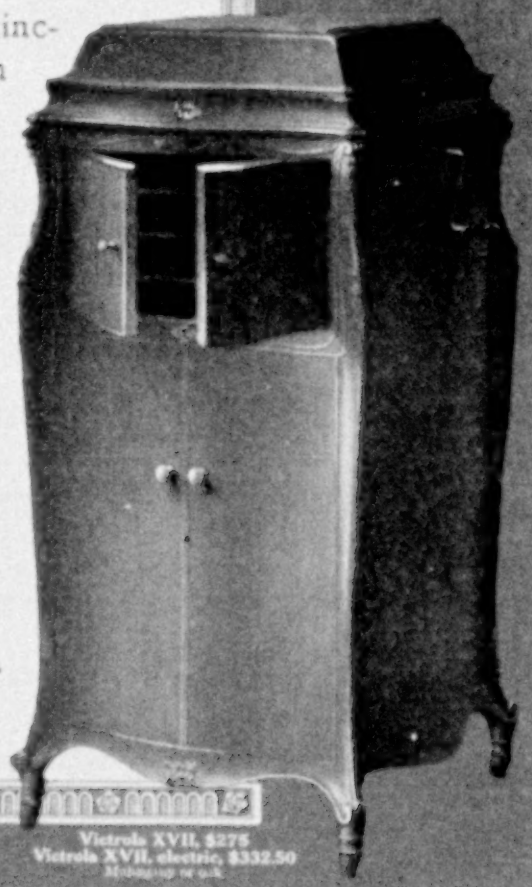

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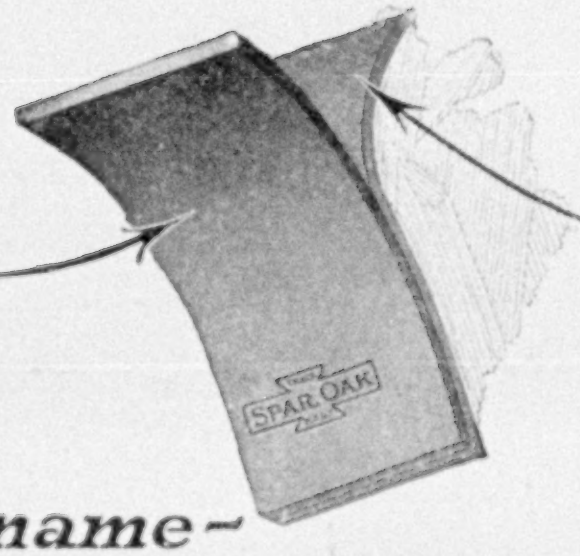


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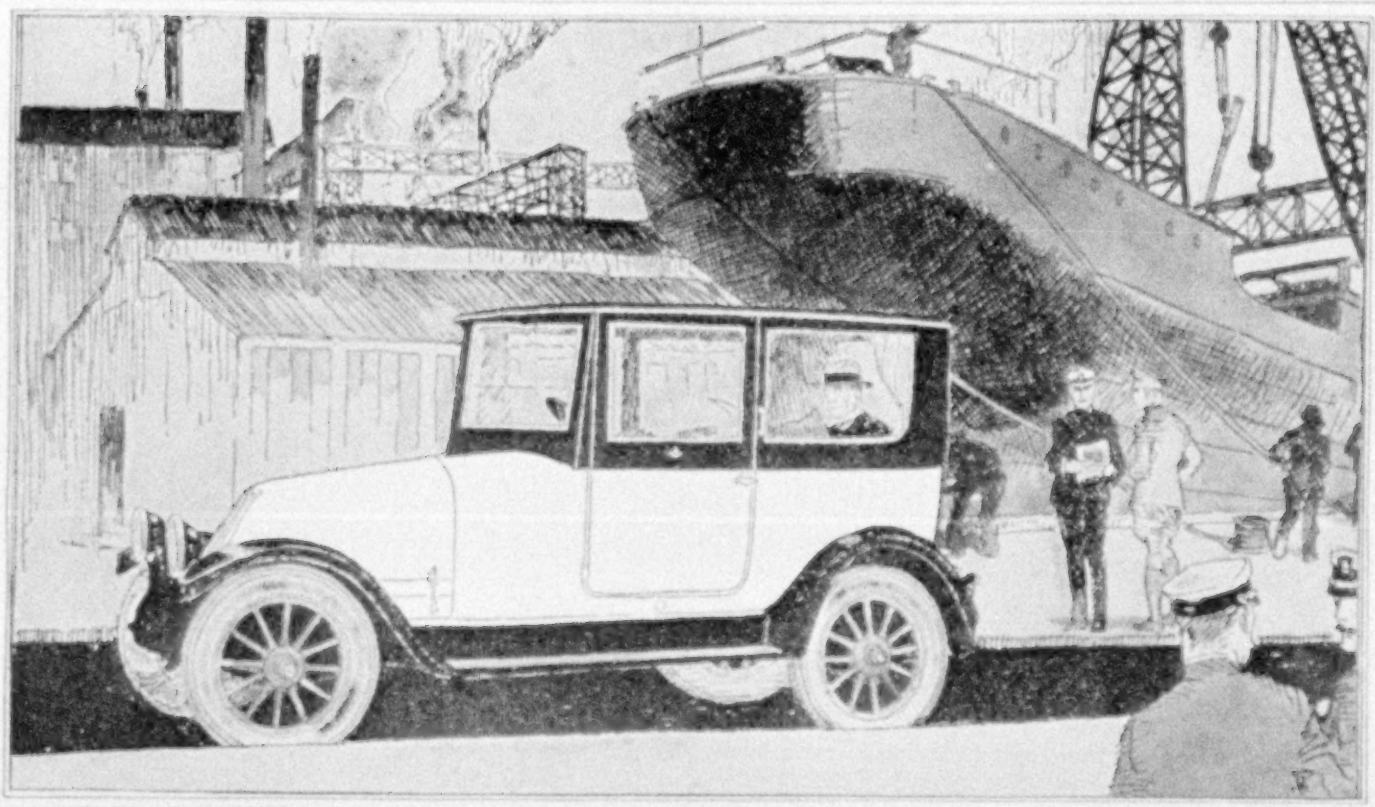

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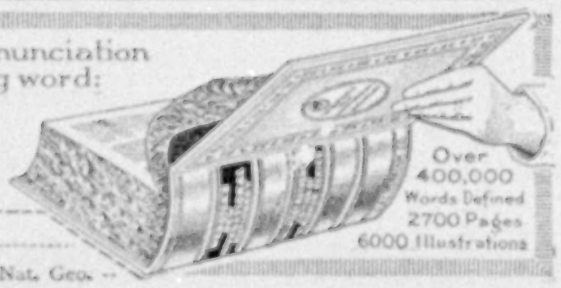

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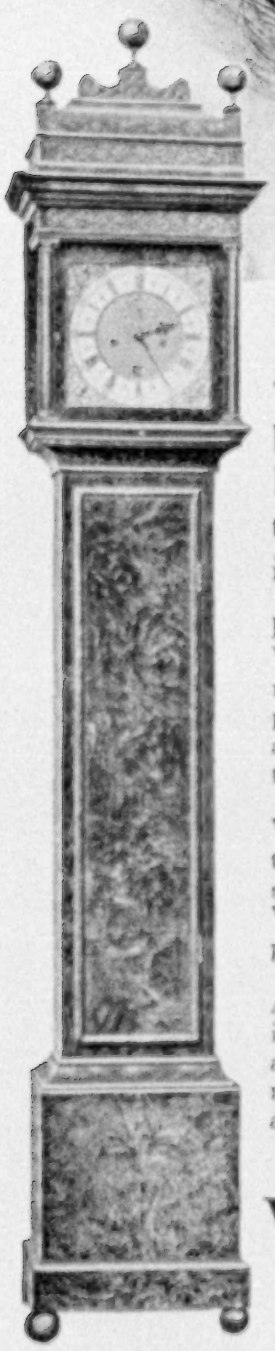

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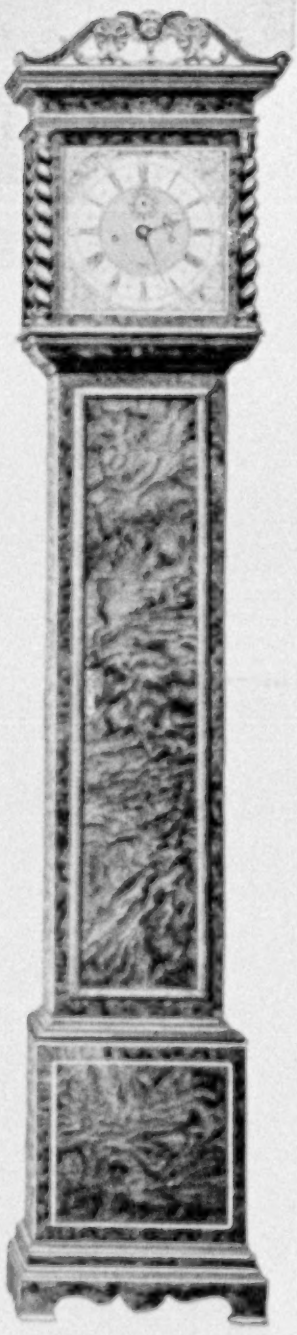

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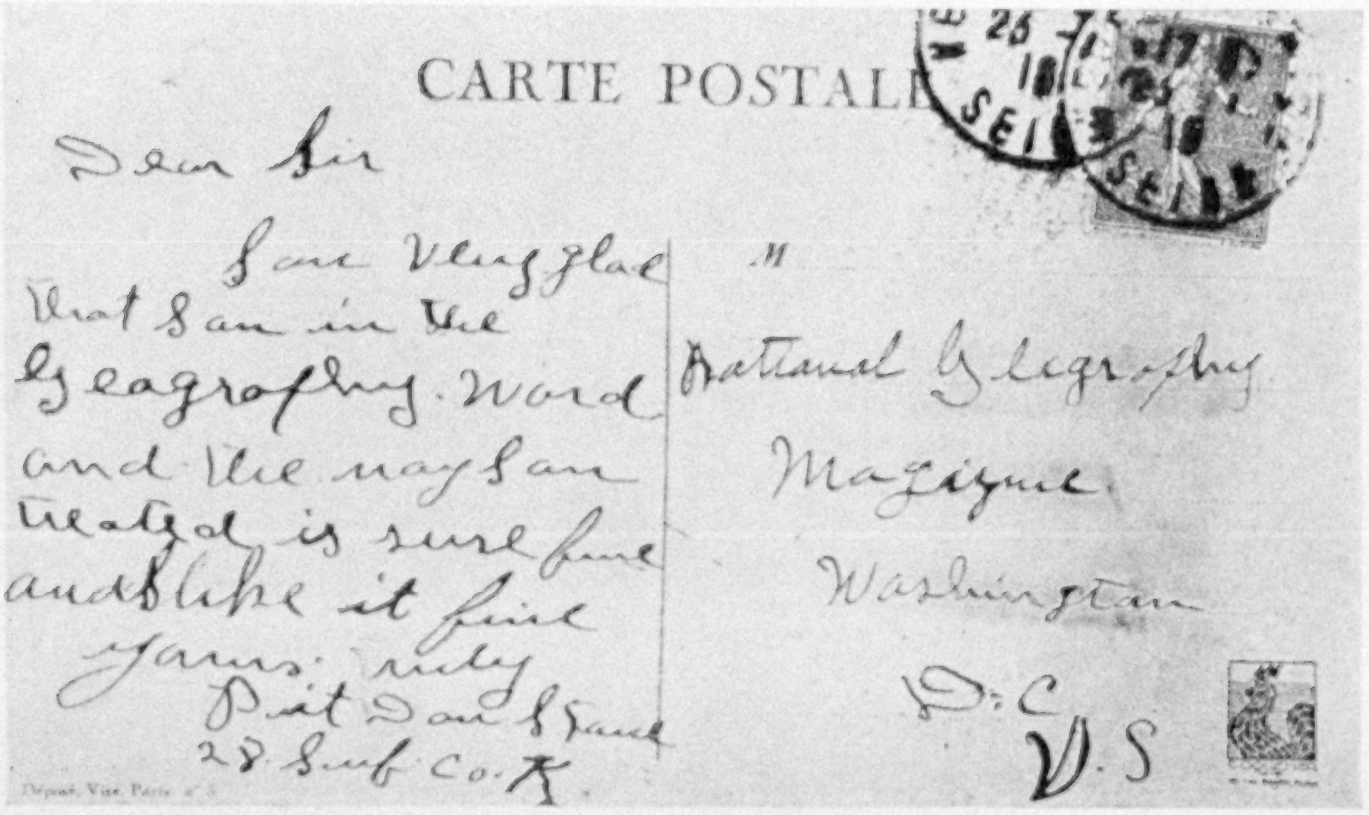


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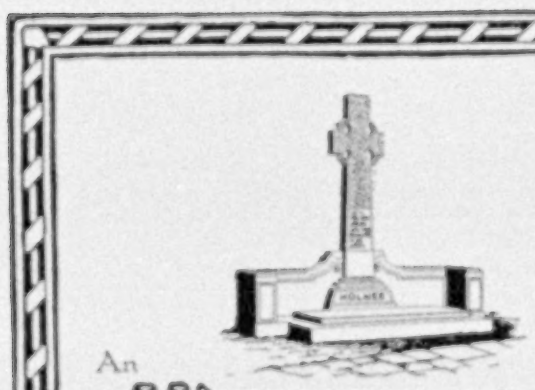

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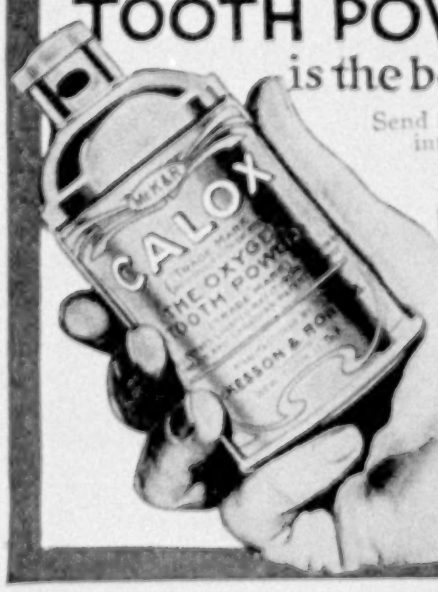


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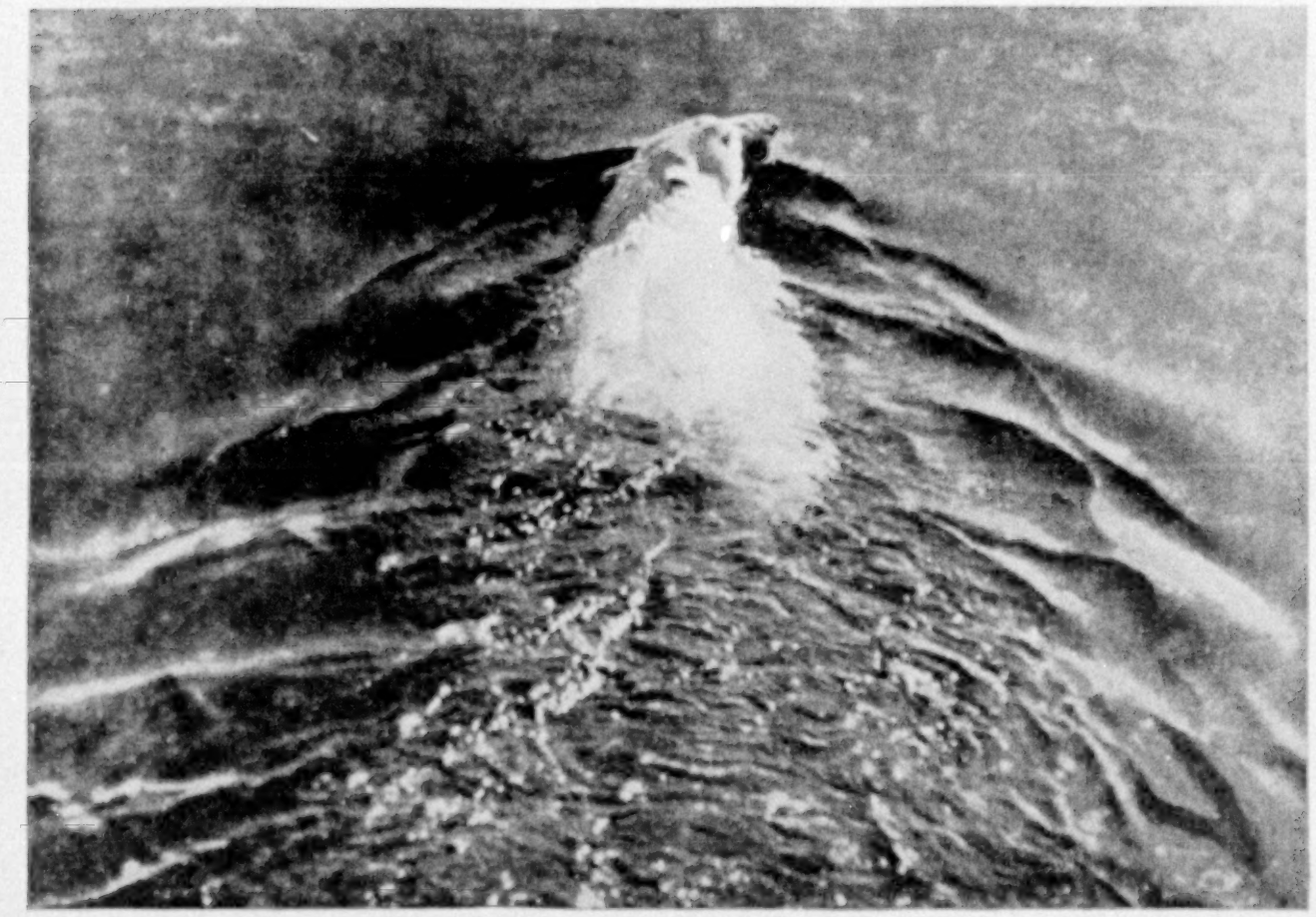

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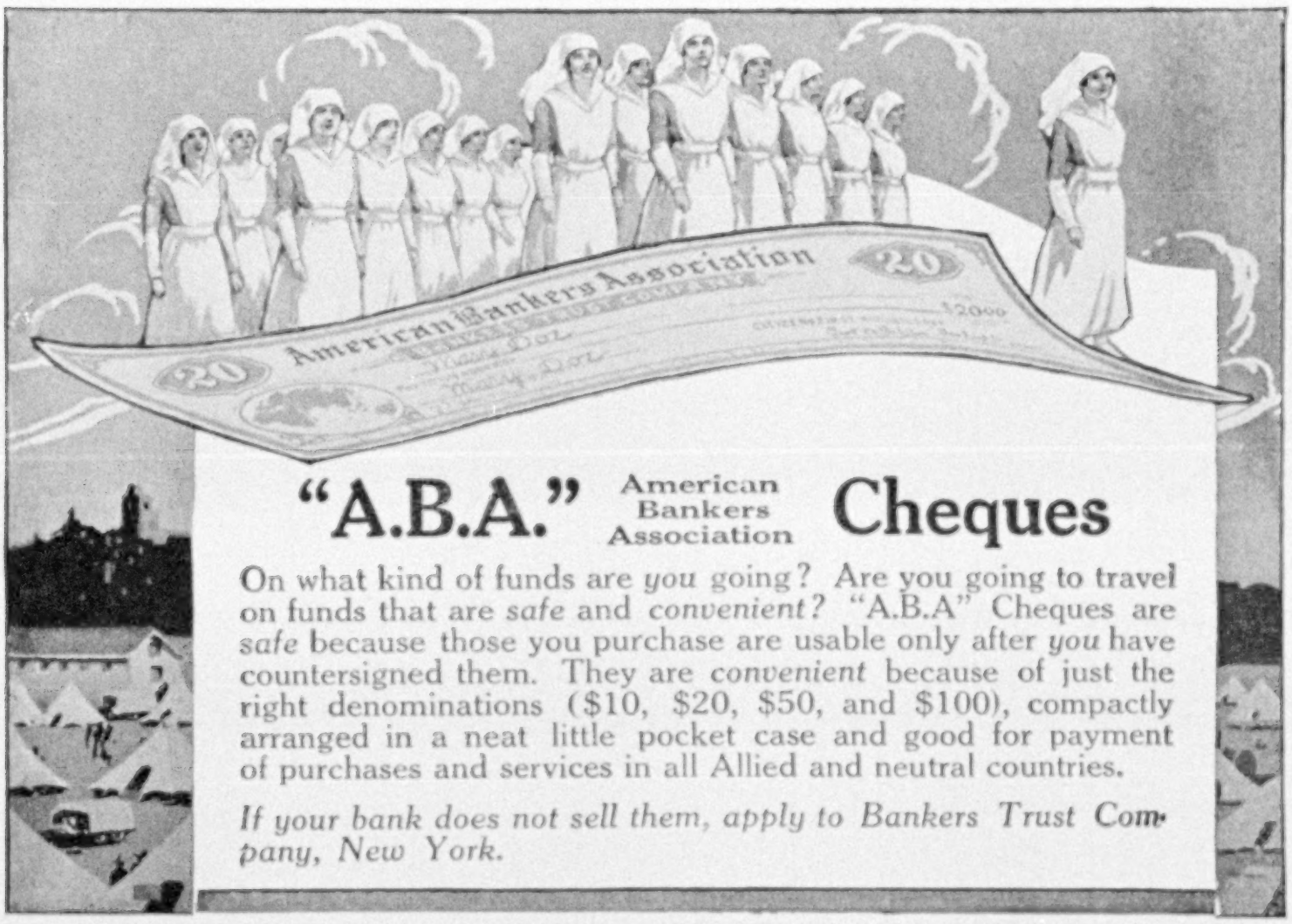


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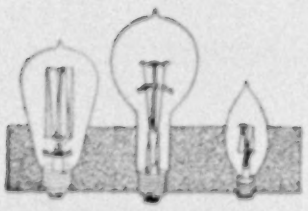

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